Vol 9. The War Illustrated Nº 221

SIXPENCE

and AFTERWARDS

DECEMBER 7, 1945

TO AUSTRALIA IN TWO-AND-A-HALF DAYS, scheduled time of the British Overseas Airways Corporation service, is the regular trip of this Lancastrian, seen at Hurn airport, near Bournemouth. A Government plan to nationalize civil air services was announced on November 1, 1945. Three public bodies will operate them—the B.O.A.C. between the U.K. and the Commonwealth, the U.S. and Far East; two others between the U.K. and the Continent and the U.K. and South America respectively. *Photo, Fox*

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

NO. 222 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21

Nazi Eclipse Perpetuated in Stone by B.A.O.R.

AT LUNEBURG, marking the site of the German surrender on May 4, 1945, our troops had by November almost completed a permanent stone memorial (1). The temporary plaque (see illus page 389) was several times uprooted. A corporal-instructor at the British Army School at Nienburg, Hanover, demonstrated a plaster mural (2) of his own design; there are over 700 pupils at this school, including Royal Engineers, who in preparation for Civvy Street learn sign-writing, plastering, carpentry and bricklaying, and R.E.M.E.s studying to be radio-mechanics, fitters and welders.

Thrill for men of the Royal Scots (3) serving with the 52nd Lowland Mountain Division, seen with a German gamekeeper, was deer-stalking and boar-hunting in Herford, in a drive to kill food for the winter larder. Enjoying a big "demob" party in a N.A.A.F.I. canteen in Berlin (4).

Photos, British Official, Keystone

Why Do We Need Dollars?

By JOHN BUCKATZSCH

RECENT Anglo-American financial discussions in Washington have caused many people in Great Britain to be befogged by the implications of the "Almighty Dollar." Our contributor, a specialist in the monetary field, lucidly explains how the fundamental issues of the vast economic problem involved are of very real and, indeed, vital importance to everyone in this country.

SINCE the long-foreseen but unexpectedly early termination of the Anglo-American Lease-Lend arrangements the newspapers have contained many articles on the subject of the financial relations of Great Britain and the U.S.A. Most people are aware that important negotiations have been taking place in Washington, but are deterred from attempting to understand what these are about by the apparent difficulty of the problems involved.

I will not try to pretend that they are at all simple in the form in which they have had to be solved by the negotiators in Washington, but I hope to show that the *fundamental* issues are not only of great importance to everyone in Great Britain but are also fairly easy to understand.

In the first place, all the problems are concerned directly or indirectly with the supply of dollars available to people outside the U.S.A., and in particular to people in Great Britain. Why do we in Great Britain need dollars at all? The first part of the answer is obvious—we need dollars so as to be able to make payments to American citizens who generally do not want pounds sterling because these can only be used in Great Britain.

To Pay for Current Imports

At present, most of the payments British citizens wish to make to Americans are payments for goods, particularly foodstuffs, which only America is at the moment able to supply; payments for the use of American ships; and payments of interest on sums of money lent to British citizens by Americans. Before the War, payments were also made to Americans for passages across the Atlantic in American liners, hotel services and railway tickets bought by British travellers and tourists in America. If all goes well, these additional demands for dollars will revive before very long, but at present they are negligible in comparison with the need for dollars to pay for our current imports of food and other necessary materials.

AFTER the middle of 1941, the necessity for dollars for this purpose was not a serious problem because the need for goods and services imported from America was met by the Lease-Lend arrangements. But since that particular "Weapon for Victory" has been beaten into a ploughshare, or at any rate laid aside, the continued need for American goods means an urgent requirement for dollars with which to buy them.

That is the first part of the answer to the question "Why do we need dollars?" The second is rather less easy to appreciate, but, in some of its ramifications, it is even more important. During the War, as most people realize, the Dominions, India and some other countries supplied great quantities of goods and services to Great Britain *on credit*, without current payment. That is to say, they provided the goods and services and we gave in exchange IOUs. These IOUs were expressed in pounds sterling, and together make up what are called the "Sterling Balances in London." They amount to perhaps £3,000,000,000 and represent *debts* which are owed by Great Britain to citizens of these countries.

Before long the holders of these Sterling Balances will wish to receive payment of the IOUs, and payment can only be made in three ways. Either old debts of the countries concerned to Great Britain can be set off against the new debts of Great Britain to those same countries, or the Sterling Balances can be used to buy British goods to be shipped to the creditor countries; or, finally, the Sterling Balances can be converted into foreign currencies and consequently used to buy goods in other countries.

The first method—offsetting of old and new debts—is of limited value. The debt owed by the Government of India to Great Britain, for example, has already been paid off, but a balance of Great Britain's debt to India still remains. The second method—the export of British goods to the creditor countries—is of much more importance, but it can only be used as and when the British goods become available, and therefore depends on the speed of the reconversion of British economy from war to peace production. The third method—conversion of the Sterling Balances into foreign currencies—means in actual practice the conversion of sterling into dollars, because America is for many purposes the only market outside Great Britain in which the owners of the Sterling Balances can buy the goods they want.

AT THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MONETARY TALKS which opened in Washington on September 11, 1945, were (left to right) Mr. Leo T. Crowley, U.S. Foreign Economic Administration head; Lord Halifax, our Ambassador; Mr. Will Clayton, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State; Lord Keynes, adviser to the British Treasury; Mr. Henry A. Wallace, U.S. Secretary of Commerce. The talks were still in progress in late November. *Photo, Topical*

In effect, therefore, the paying-off of the debts of Great Britain to the countries that accepted payment in sterling IOUs during the war really means making available *either* British goods *or* American dollars. The former method does not directly create a demand for dollars, except in so far as the manufacture of British goods requires the use of American raw material and machinery. But the second alternative obviously does create a demand for dollars which has to be added to the need for those required to pay for our own essential imports from America.

HOW can these demands be met? First, we must overhaul our list of imports from America and reduce it as far as possible by using our own equipment and home-produced material as efficiently as we can. But this will not solve the problem. In the second place, we can attempt to meet our requirements to a great extent in countries other than America, so as to avoid transactions giving rise directly to a demand for dollars. But quite evidently this will not necessarily prevent an *indirect* demand for dollars on the part of countries who are *paid* in sterling but want to exchange this sterling for dollars to be spent in America.

Besides, it is not possible to obtain all our requirements inside the so-called Sterling Area (that is, those countries prepared to accept Sterling Balances or regulate their exchange rates in terms of the pound sterling). At present, though it might if necessary and at some cost be made so, the Commonwealth is not economically independent of the U.S.A.

Two final alternatives remain. We can (and must) accelerate our reconversion, of which demobilization is only the first part, and expand our exports to America; and at the same time increase the supply of British goods available to the present holders of Sterling Balances. This may, of course, mean going short ourselves. It might, too, be necessary to ration the supply of dollars (obtained by selling British goods and services to Americans) made available to the holders of Sterling Balances. In other words, we might have to persuade these creditors to spend their Sterling Balances in Great Britain, and not to ask for dollars.

Our Disagreeable Necessity

The American negotiators describe this as "discrimination" against the dollar, and its inevitability in some circumstances is not, apparently, clear to them. This procedure appears, moreover, to conflict with certain clauses of the "Master Agreements" on which Lease-Lend was based. To us in Great Britain, who have always been accustomed to being able to supply any foreign currency in return for sterling on demand, such an arrangement, within a "Sterling Area," largely self-contained and based mainly on a close agreement among the members of the Commonwealth, naturally appears a makeshift, as it must also do to the other members of this hypothetical association.

But until the dollars can be made available by a great expansion of British exports to America, it would be the only choice before us—*unless* America were willing to offer "Reconstruction" Loans on acceptable terms to tide us over the transition period. As has been repeatedly emphasized, the request for such Loans is *not* a demand for Charity, but a disagreeable necessity forced on us by the completeness of our wartime mobilization, the fruits of which the U.S.A. itself is actually enjoying today.

In the short run, the supply of dollars will therefore be determined partly by the speed of our reconversion and the vigour of our export policy, and partly by the willingness of the U.S.A. to advance suitable loans. In the long run, when our economy has been reconverted and its productive efficiency increased, the supply of dollars will depend on the willingness of the U.S.A. to buy British goods. That will depend, in turn, on the American Tariff Policy, and on the avoidance, by the United States, of Great Depressions in their internal economy which would reduce the *ability* of the U.S.A. to buy imports.

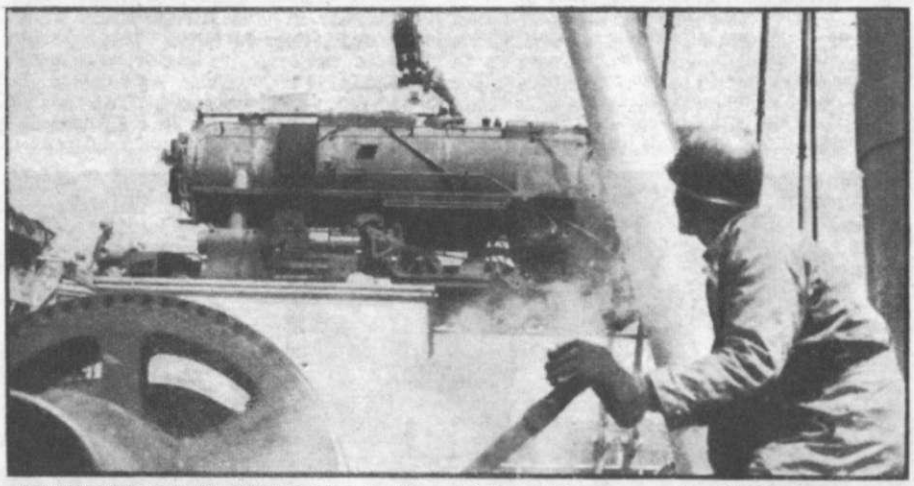
Americans' S.O.S. on D-Day

By MAJ.-GENERAL
SIR CHARLES GWYNN
K.C.B., D.S.O.

It is widely realized that behind the fighting troops, and to a large extent interlocked with them, there is a great body of men carrying out ancillary services of vital importance. Few, however, can form a clear conception of the immense variety of their functions or of the problems with which they have to deal.

In the American Army these services, except so far as certain of their units form an integral part of the fighting formations, are grouped under the general title of Service of Supply (S.O.S.) and form an organization operating under its own commander and H.Q. staff. Recently, as a souvenir for the troops of this organization, the American information division has published a little book describing the role of the S.O.S. in the defeat of Germany which gives a very adequate, though necessarily incomplete, picture of the work of the rearward services of the armies.

To be frank, the weakness of the book is that it gives the impression that the American Army devised a unique organization, and it would not be surprising if it confirmed many American readers in the belief that their organizing genius alone was responsible for the victory of the Allies. Whereas, of course, each of the Allies had much the same problems to face in maintaining the service of supply and possessed similar if somewhat differently constituted organizations.



AT CHERBOURG HARBOUR, after its delayed fall to U.S. troops on June 27, 1944 (see pages 136-137, Vol. 8), our Allies were soon landing supplies for the invading Armies hurrying towards Paris. An American engineer is seen at the controls of his towering crane as he lowered this locomotive ashore from one of our train-ferries. *Photo, U.S. Official*

BRITISH Experience and Inventions Helped U.S. Before She Entered War

Nevertheless, the book should be welcomed as a tribute to troops whose work attracts less attention than that of those engaged in tactical operations, in spite of the fact that they have to face risks often as great and more constant. The evacuation of wounded, building or repairing bridges under fire, the lifting of mines, and the delivery of supplies and food in the combat zone, all demand qualities of cold-blooded courage quite as remarkable as courage shown in the heat of battle.

The Americans can claim with justice that their equipment was of a higher standard than in any other army, and that their troops were better fed: but that was only to be expected, for no other country, except Germany, had had more time to prepare deliberately for war, or had greater resources on which to draw. In addition to that, British experience and British inventions were freely communicated to America before she had even entered the war. She had practically no defensive problems to face, her country had suffered no damage from enemy action, and, from the first, her main problem was to prepare for D-Day in western Europe and for the developments that would follow.

The governing fact, however, is that without the closest co-operation with the British Empire she would have been unable to come to grips with her enemy either in Europe or the Far East. That was fully realized by President Roosevelt and his military advisers. As early as May 1941, observers of the U.S.A. Army arrived in London, though they could not appear in uniform till December 8. Their task was to plan the establishment of a base in Britain which would bring the U.S.A. within striking distance of Europe in case she was drawn into the war.

It is rather curious, therefore, that the establishment of this base, the first and most essential step to be taken by the American S.O.S., is dealt with only in the last two chapters of the book, and this is almost the sole acknowledgment of the share Britain took in preparing for the great amphibious operation by which alone decisive operations against Germany could be initiated.

Many comparisons, on the other hand, are drawn between the tasks of the S.O.S. in what the Americans call "World War 1" (W.W.1), and those in W.W.2, in order to emphasize the immense development of the S.O.S. in W.W.2. Actually the proportion of personnel in the S.O.S. organization to that of combat troops (about one-third of the total) was much the same in both wars, although the bulk and weight of material to be handled and the variety of tasks to be performed were vastly greater in the second war. The comparison is, however, vitiated by the circumstances in which the wars were fought and the advances in mechanization.

THE chief changes in circumstances were that in W.W.1 the Americans could be landed straight from the U.S.A. into a country with highly developed ports and intact road and railway systems; and that once landed they could be introduced gradually into a static situation. Whereas in W.W.2 not only had the base in Britain to be prepared and the first landing on the Continent carried out as a major operation, unprecedented in character and scale, but thereafter highly mobile operations in a devastated country were immediately necessary.

The book gives a very interesting account of the landing of the American Army in Normandy, though mainly from the standpoint of the S.O.S. The point is made that the decision to commence landing at low water was taken in the interests of the rapid development of the S.O.S. rather than that of the assault troops. It was to ensure that passages should be cleared by demolition parties through the beach obstacles, to admit of the rapid reinforcement of the leading assault troops by mechanized armament and ample munitions.

How nearly the main landing came to failure is admitted, for almost nothing went according to plan; and the rising tide made matters worse. The demolition parties failed to identify landmarks and did not disembark at the appointed places. Few passages were cleared, and in the confusion those were not marked. Held up by obstacles and under heavy fire, losses were heavy; in particular, vehicles became entangled and were destroyed. When the shore was gained by the leading assault troops they therefore lacked supporting weapons, and little progress could be made inland; and only a small tonnage of supplies was landed during the day. Nothing but determined and gallant leadership of small parties prevented complete failure.

WHY Cherbourg's Capture Did Not Conform With the U.S. Timetable

Fortunately, on the smaller beach, resistance was less formidable and everything went according to plan. In consequence of the check on the main beach, however, the momentum of the first assault failed to develop, and Cherbourg, which it had been hoped would be captured within three days, did not fall till June 27. The delay in capturing Cherbourg became all the more serious when the great storm which started on June 19 broke up the attempt to construct the Mulberry "A" harbour made for the Americans' use by Britain. Thereafter the task of the S.O.S. in the build-up for further operations became immensely heavier and called for all the ingenuity and talent for improvisation that Americans possess.

The break-out from the bridge-head was certainly delayed; but when it came, it soon made up lost time by the amazing rapidity of General Patton's thrust. How greatly the speed of his thrust and the maintenance of its momentum was due to the work of the S.O.S. is told. The reckless courage shown by railway personnel in delivering the goods over a line in a "Heath Robinson" condition fully equalled that of fighting troops.

BUT there are limits to what even the most efficient rear services can accomplish, and though roads and bridges and railways were restored at an astonishing pace the lack of fully equipped ports and the distance over which supplies had to be hauled eventually brought the Allies to a halt. Antwerp was captured by Montgomery intact; but till the approaches to it were cleared and it became available as a base for both the Allied armies, operations on a decisive scale could not be undertaken. Throughout the story we are made increasingly to realize the dependence of the fighting army on well-established bases and good lines of communication.

An undoubted fact emerging from this is that the advantage great maritime powers have of launching amphibious attacks at unexpected points of their own selection cannot be exercised at the opening of a war.

Unless it has a continental ally who can give it well-equipped ports and space for the deployment of its armies, a maritime nation can therefore not intervene on land in a continental war with any approach to the speed with which a continental Power can launch an attack across its land frontiers against a neighbour. The success of amphibious operations in the war just over should not mislead us on this point.

Great Clean-Up in Jap Rat-Runs of Hongkong

THE SWORD OF A JAPANESE WAR CRIMINAL, Sergeant Kenichi Matsuda (1), was scrutinized by a R.N.V.R. lieutenant at Hongkong, where Matsuda's fellow-torturers were still being rounded-up in November 1945. The Crown Colony has been administered by the Royal Navy and the Civil Affairs Service since our Occupation in September. Three A.B.s try eating with chopsticks (2). In the harbour the carrier Indomitable (3), her "wings of war" folded on her flight-deck, prepared to sail for Australia with civilian ex-internees.

Photos, British Official

When Sea Mines Come Ashore

By FRANCIS E. McMURTRIE

ALTHOUGH the war is over in Europe its after-effects are still being felt and are by no means negligible in their influence on the life of the average citizen. This has been brought home to many coast dwellers of late by the unpleasant frequency with which mines, set adrift by rough weather, have been washed ashore. Fortunately they do not often explode on stranding, but when they do so in an inhabited area damage and even casualties are to be expected.

Many are the suggestions received by the Press from readers who imagine there must be some way of averting this recurring menace. It is seldom appreciated that it is no remedy to fire at a mine when it appears on the surface inshore; though the outer casing may be pierced and the mine waterlogged and sunk, it does not then explode,

Cmdr. F. ASHE LINCOLN, R.N.V.R., head of a section in the Dept. of the Director of Torpedoes and Mining at the Admiralty, which exercises control over the business of rendering safe mines of all types.

but goes to the bottom. In deep water it would then be fairly safe; but in the shallow seas that surround the English coasts it continues to be a perpetual menace to fishermen and divers. Thus the only course to be followed with a mine sighted drifting in a choppy sea near the beach is to wait until it has grounded without explosion, and then render harmless the mechanism by which it is detonated. In a smooth sea a floating mine can be taken in tow by a boat and sunk in deep water if an expert is available who knows how to handle it.

IN the Department of the Director of Torpedoes and Mining at the Admiralty there is a section which, in general, exercises control over the business of rendering safe mines of various types. The present head of this section is Commander F. Ashe Lincoln, R.N.V.R. (portrait above). Actual disposal of the mines washed up is mainly the responsibility of H.M.S. Vernon, the torpedo school at Portsmouth, though there are mine disposal officers also at Chatham and Devonport as well. These officers must be in readiness to proceed at a moment's notice to whatever place they may be directed, to deal with mines that have arrived on the shore.

By the average member of the public a mine is regarded vaguely as a dangerous sphere of metal, which may be found floating at sea and is assumed to be the explanation of the disappearance of ships in peacetime when no other circumstances, such as heavy weather, can be assigned as a possible cause. It is generally imagined that the high explosives contained within the sphere will detonate immediately when hit by a machine-gun bullet or other projectile fired from a ship. Although this may sometimes be true of a certain type of contact mine, there are so many other kinds of mines that this is merely to present one facet of the subject.

BASIS of the Present Technique of Rendering the Mines Harmless

In a broad sense, the business of mining and the disposal of mines may be divided under four heads. First, there is the very large field covered by the Superintendent of Mine Design, who has under him a numerous staff of scientists and highly qualified technical officers. In wartime, fresh ideas are tested and adopted, or discarded, as the case may be; reports of enemy improvements or other novel features are investigated and made the subject of experiments; and the recommendations received from those who have had actual experience of types recently placed in service are considered and followed where desirable.

Controlled mining is quite a specialized department. It has to do with the defence of harbours, bases and narrow channels by means of minefields controlled from the shore. Minesweeping is another important responsibility, involving sweeping clear of mines all navigable channels. This is a much longer and more tedious job than it used to be, since the great variety of mines employed by the enemy necessitates covering an area more than once to ensure the elimination of menaces of the delayed action type (see article and illustrations, pages 392-3).

THEN there is the general duty of dealing with mines of all types and rendering them innocuous when emergency demands it. Most famous of pioneers in the latter work was Lieut.-Commander J. G. D. Ouvry, D.S.O., R.N., of H.M.S. Vernon. In the early days of the war, when German aircraft began dropping mines around our coasts, especially in the busy channels of the Thames estuary, one of these mines fell in a soft spot off Shoeburyness, where it was uncovered at low water. By personally dissecting its mechanism in slow time, explaining each step as completed to his assistants in shelter close by, Commander Ouvry rendered this mine harmless, so that it could be removed and taken to pieces elsewhere (see page 124, Vol. 7,). This enabled the scientific experts, notably Commander C. F. Goodeve, O.B.E., V.D., D.Sc., F.R.S., R.N.V.R., to devise methods of rendering ships impervious to the magnetic mine danger. Similar steps were taken to guard against the acoustic mine.

It was Commander Ouvry's experience which became the basis of the present technique of rendering mines harmless, and continues to inspire those who undertake this hazardous work. However carefully it is carried out, there is always the risk of a booby trap. That methods of handling without disaster the complicated arrangements of dozens of different types of mines should thus have been perfected is a testimonial to the high standard of efficiency reached by the naval and scientific staffs of the Vernon mining departments during the late war.

BRITISH Mines Designed to Become Harmless on Breaking Adrift

Although final figures are not yet available, the number of mines laid and swept during 1939-1945 is very greatly in excess of the total for the First Great War. Not only has the work of removing mines been more difficult, but owing to the many types employed by the enemy it can never be said with safety that an area has been cleared after a single sweeping. For example, some of the mines employed by the Germans incorporated clocks set to run for lengthy periods. Not until the clock had reached the particular time for which it was set did the mine become active. Such mines laid in swept channels were apt to be a most disconcerting surprise.

Of the mines that are being deposited on beaches in the south of England today, a majority are undoubtedly German. Unlike British-laid mines, those of the enemy were not designed to become harmless on breaking adrift. Nevertheless, some which had lain submerged for long periods had become encrusted by marine growths such as seaweed and shellfish, which may indirectly have had the effect of holding up the detonating gear. Careless stripping of the encrustations might result in releasing a detonator. (See facing page, also story in page 473.)

ROLLING THE MINE INTO POSITION is one of the first tasks of the Royal Navy men engaged on the special duties of rendering these drifting lethal weapons harmless. This one is being dealt with on the shore at Littlehampton, Sussex. Subsequent operations of a Rendering Mines Safe squad are shown in the facing page. *Photo, G.P.U.*

R.M.S. Squad in Action on an English Beach

DRAWING OUT THE EXPLOSIVES-CONTAINER (1) is one of the tricky operations of a Rendering Mines Safe squad. After this mine at Littlehampton, Sussex, had been rolled into position (see illus. in facing page), the officer in charge removed the cover-plate and scrutinized the mechanism (2). Two A.B.s trundled away the case containing the charge (3)—enough explosive to wreck a street. Later, smoke-clouds billowed over the beach as the explosive was ignited to make a harmless bonfire.

Photos, G.P.U.

How Four-Footed Warriors Helped Us to Win

An astonishing variety of animals served with the troops at home and overseas, in divers capacities. Each possessed of special qualities which made them almost indispensable allies in varied conditions of warfare, they had their full share of achievements and casualties. Instances are cited here by JOHN FLEETWOOD. See also facing page, and pages 22-23, 180, 696, Vol. 8.

In the war's later years volunteer dogs from all sorts of homes were drafted to Active Service at the rate of 200 a month. They went with our men to Normandy on D-Day, and trained recruits followed continually. Although dogs had had pre-war roles as "eyes" for the blind, assisting in police work, and some had carried out a few special duties in previous wars, nobody had thought of these animals as sentries of real responsibility, as reconnaissance patrols, or as combatants on the field of battle.

The idea of their employment in such roles evolved from the training given to a number of dogs early in 1940 to act as part-sentries over ammunition stores and to watch for and tackle parachute invaders. They didn't have much opportunity to prove their worth in the second capacity, but so efficient were they at guard duty that there were soon hundreds of well-trained animals doing sentry-go at military installations, aircraft factories, and dispersed war plants. They proved a valuable aid in the detection and prevention of pilfering and unauthorized entry. By serving under a single master each group released large numbers of men for more active duties in the Forces, in this way effecting considerable economies in man-power.

These were largely home-front and base jobs. As time passed, dogs became increasingly valuable in overseas war theatres. One of the earliest recruits to the Corps of Military Police, Dog Section, was Simi. It takes a pretty strong man to battle with an 86-lb. Boxer dog and get away with it, and during his two years' service with the C.M.P this superbly trained and efficient animal made no fewer than 83 arrests at military stores and depots around the Nile Delta and in Palestine. All over this territory Simi was the terror of native gangs of thieves, who treated even his name with wholesome respect.

Dogs became indispensable on the battlefields. There was one who captured four Germans in a slit trench, standing over them snarling till an escort arrived to take his prisoners away. Another rounded up an enemy gun crew; a host of others tracked down lost soldiers as well as escaped prisoners of war. There was Henri Bachelay, a French dog who saved his struggling master from drowning off Dunkirk, seizing his clothes between his teeth and swimming to a lifeboat.

Some ships' dogs did yeoman work as aircraft spotters, sensing the approach of enemy planes long before the sound of aero engines could be heard by the vessels' crews. Many a soldier serving in the Far East was spared a mortal knife thrust by timely warning from the dog at his side. On the Burma and South-West Pacific fronts dogs served as jungle sentries to sleeping patrols, waking the men, not by barking but by tugging at a string tied to a sleeping man's wrist.

They were trained to locate Jap snipers and patrols which our men would never spot. Mongrels excelled at these tasks, living on chupattees, corned beef and rice, and apparently enjoying every minute of the life. There were Commando dogs, too—taught to attack without mercy. And Red Cross Russian Arctic orderlies, quarrelsome in off-hours, but keen enough when they were on the job, bringing back sledges of wounded across the fire-swept snows.

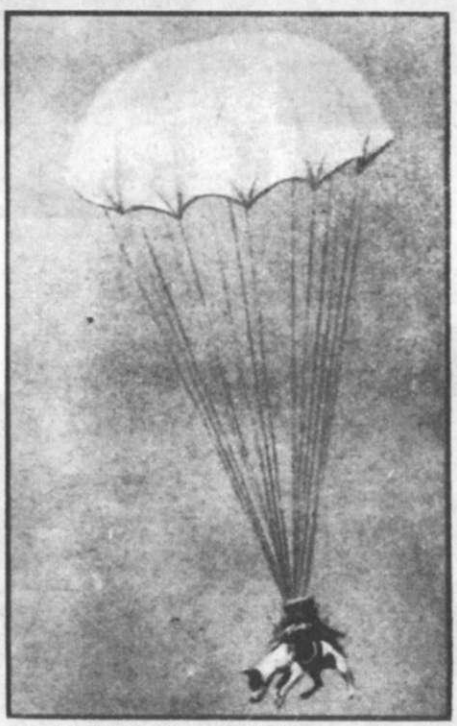
Red Army dogs have sacrificed their lives to destroy Nazi tanks. Carrying mines on their backs, they would bound up to enemy tanks, blowing up the tanks—and themselves. Detecting hidden mines was one of the most hazardous tasks carried out by dogs, and they were at it for years from the Western Front to Burma. Eventually there were few battle experiences denied to them. On occasions they were parachutists, equipped with outfits complete to a static line. Even that is not surprising when you contemplate the obstacle course included in the training of war dogs. You may have seen some dogs go through it: jump clean through a hole the size of a man's head, leap four 4½-ft. fences, scale a 6-ft. hoarding, finally mounting in two bounds a skeleton staircase 10-ft. high.

Cared for in Special Hospitals

Casualties were severe in the Canine Corps—kept up to strength by a stream of recruits from 16 separate breeds, many of whom made instant answer to over 100 commands—and a special blood transfusion service helped to give the injured animals a 100 per cent chance of recovery.

It is a toss-up which of the two were the more useful to the war effort—dogs or mules. The latter were cared for like humans in special hospitals. In Burma, Brigadier Wingate thought the world of mules. And no wonder. They carried all his stores, light guns, munitions, his 1,000-mile-range radio sets. Wherever the going was most difficult, there you would find mules achieving the (for all other beasts) impossible. Even mechanization has not ousted the military mule. The Romans pronounced him indispensable; he is still indispensable, tackling jobs which no machine can handle.

Thousands of mules spent the war-years carrying supplies to forward troops where the hills were so steep that men could scale them only on their hands and knees. The mules would be carrying the heaviest of loads while sinking up to their hocks in the thick mud of the monsoon, or pulling bogged tractors out of tropic swamps. The mule was a beast of burden in all circumstances where his more squeamish mare-mother and less hardy donkey-father feared to tread. During Jap infiltrations mules were enclosed in barrage "boxes" for weeks on end, shelled and mortared and bombed, existing on meagre rations. Thousands lost their lives, or were captured, or drowned in liquid mud. While climbing up and over razor-ridged mountains hundreds more of these sturdy beasts were sent hurtling to their deaths by loose boulders, landslides or bullets.



PARAPUP is the semi-official description of this U.S.-owned terrier which was parachuted from heights up to 1,500 ft. Note the special harness attachment. *Photo, U.S. Official*

Once, when Captain Norton's famous mule company were carrying rations down a jungle track, they were charged by a band of Japs mounted on elephants. That is an exceptional role for elephants, but there was little else they did not do to help the 14th Army on its way to Rangoon. They were first used in the war to evacuate the 17th Division, in 1941. Since then they have been competing on equal terms with bulldozers, whose job they took over in Burma jungles, making up the roads, building bridges, clearing heavy timber, carrying heavy guns, extracting lorries from the glutinous mud like corks from wine-bottles.

Battle-Course Tests for Bullocks

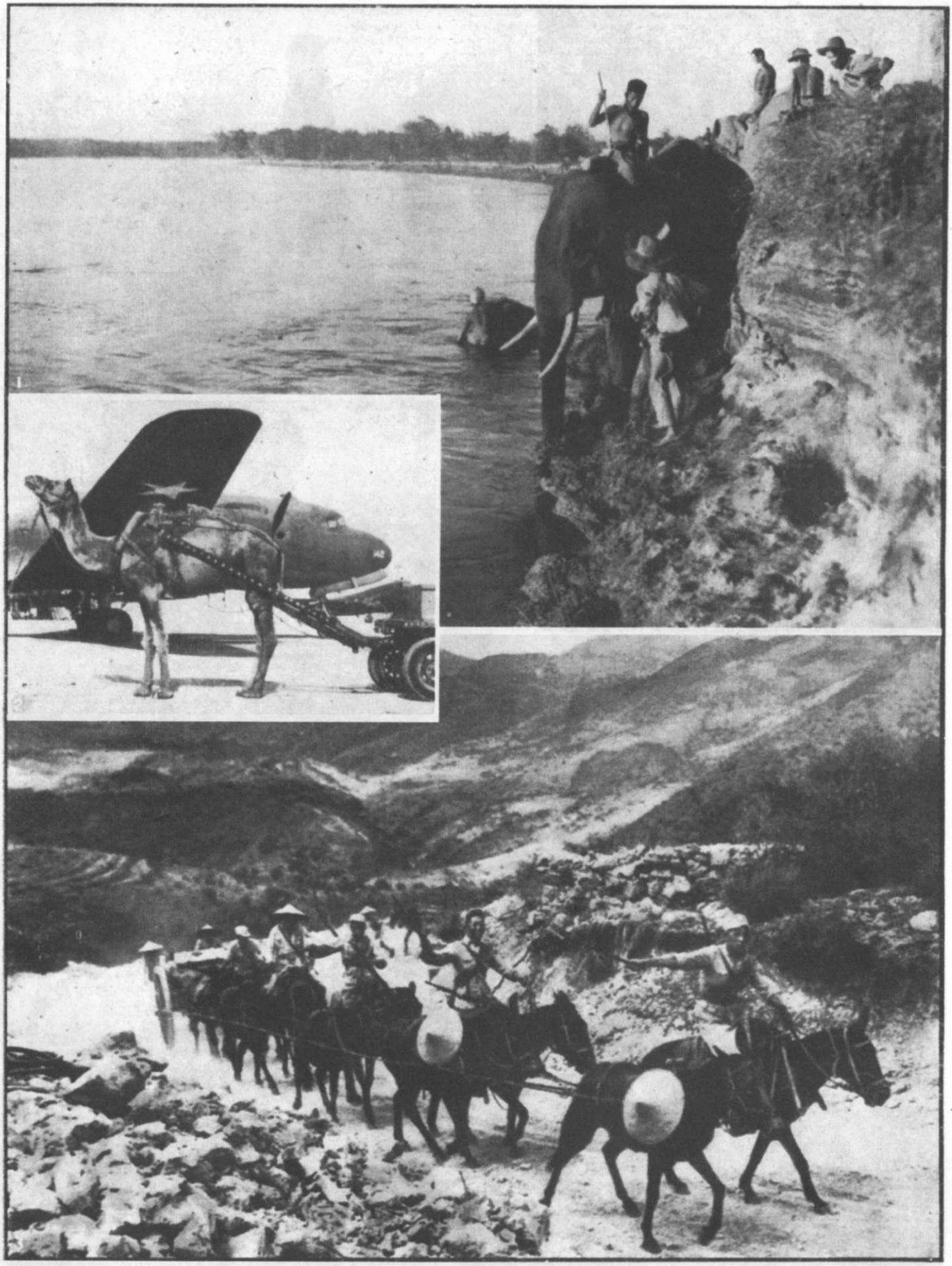
The 14th Army had an "Elephant Adviser," Lt.-Col. Williams from Cornwall. "Elephant Bill," as his colleagues called him, The Colonel knew 600 of his animals by name and recognized each one on sight. Records are kept in elephant camps as in every other military office. Name, sex, origin and brand are listed. Age, too, is important, though not unduly so, for the working span stretches from 8 to 50 years. The "old man" elephant of one camp was still to be found on the job at the age of 53.

Enemy raiders once tried to clear a path though our mine fields on the Anzio beachhead by driving a herd of cattle across them. The ruse was ingenious, though unsuccessful. The idea behind the training of a company of 15-cwt. snow-white bullocks for Burma service was both clever and productive. These well-bred beasts were highly intelligent as well as tough. They passed all their battle-course tests with full marks. Deaf to "thunder flashes," gas rattles, sirens and red rags, they swam rivers, and tight-roped brick walls, carrying even heavier loads than mules. All that remained to be done before they were packed off from the Punjab to Burma for the valuable services they afterwards rendered, was to dye the bright beasts the colour of coffee to make them invisible to prying eyes in the Burmese jungles.

Most of the "camel corps" that operated in the desert were petrol-fed—that is, motorized. But the camel still remains on the field of battle, performing feats of valour. Aircraft, car, lorry, new roads and railways have reduced the breeding of camels, but it is a long road yet to their extinction. In the mountains, in waterless bush country where aircraft cannot land, in territory where motor vehicles can be ambushed by felling trees, camels can achieve more than any M.T. unit. And so "camelry" were to be found in the forefront of the fighting, as transport of the first and second lines.

A camel doesn't panic. A sturdy, stoical, uncomplaining beast, he carries with ease a pack load the weight of four average men for most hours of the day. If necessary he will do it for several days on end, without food or drink. He will suffer a bullet wound without flinching, even travel till the day's end with lungs perforated by bullets. Which explains why so many camels were drafted for work in special regions throughout the war years.

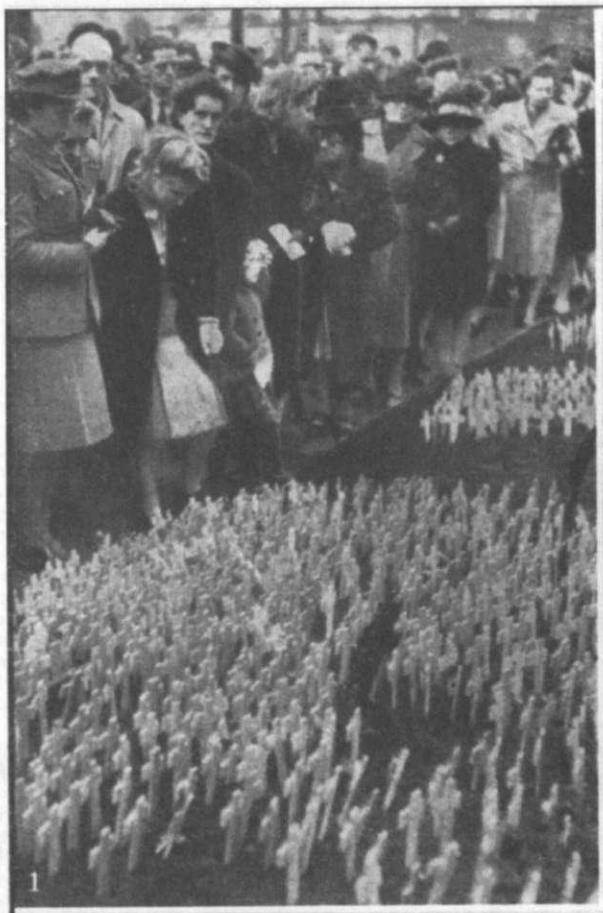
Pulling Their Weight in Support of the Troops

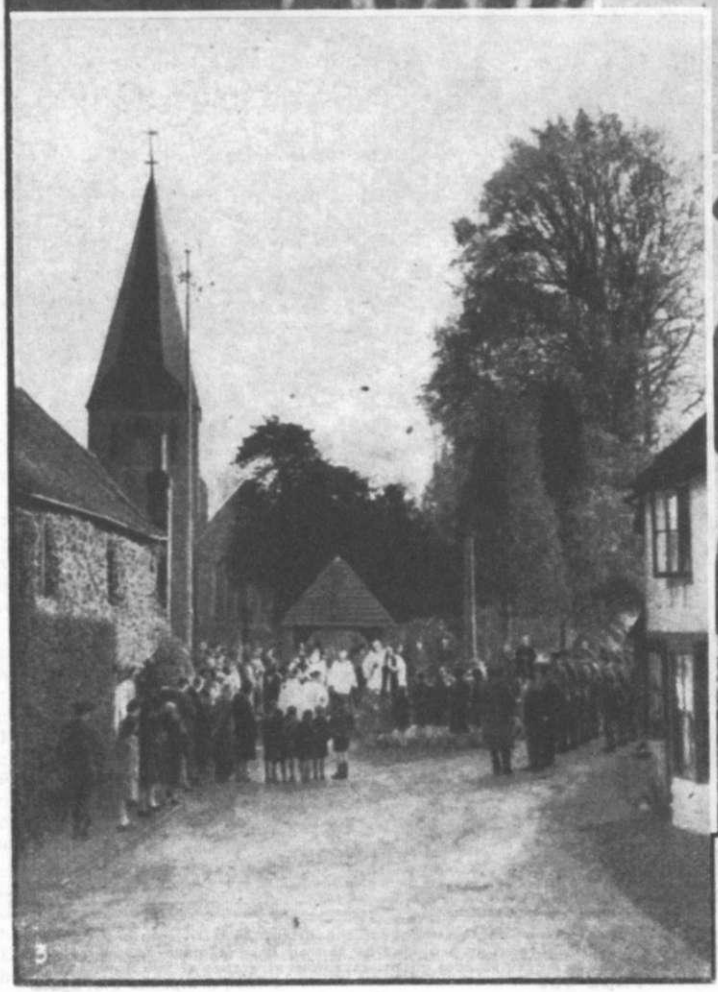


ELEPHANTS MADE A NAME FOR THEMSELVES in the Burma campaigns, chiefly as transport: attached to the British 36th Division in the north, some of them are seen preparing to cross the wide Shweli River (1). Contrast in war-transport is provided at this air base (2) near Karachi, India, in an encounter between a camel-drawn vehicle and a U.S. plane. Howitzers were hauled long distances on mountainous stretches of the Burma Road by sure-footed mule-teams (3) mounted by Chinese.

Photos, British and U.S. Official

Mourning the Fallen of Two Wars We Asked—





AT THE FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE outside Westminster Abbey, on November 11, 1945, anniversary of the 1918 Armistice, the bereaved inspected the wooden crosses (1) in memory of the dead of two wars. In Whitehall, queues filed past the wreath-laden Cenotaph (2). Far from city crowds, at Shere in Surrey (3), villagers and Servicemen joined in the simple service at the memorial. In the British cemetery at Luneburg in Germany a bugler of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry sounded the Last Post (4). PAGE 490 *Photos, G.P.U., Keystone.*

—Will This be The Last Armistice Day?

AS BIG BEN BOOMED ELEVEN, thousands of Londoners and visitors to the capital, led by H.M. the King, joined in their first corporate commemoration of the dead of the two Great Wars at the Cenotaph, Whitehall. From the Home Office (left), the Queen, Queen Mary and Princess Margaret looked on. Next day it was stated in Parliament that the Government was considering, in consultation with Commonwealth Governments, the fixing of an official Day of Remembrance for both wars. See also story in page 506.

Photo, Sport & General

Now It Can Be Told!

SHELL THAT 'THINKS' BEAT THE FLYING BOMB

THIS wartime-secret British invention not only beat the V1 but saved the British fleets in the Far East from serious loss when the Japs threw in suicide bombers. The "brain" of the shell is a fuse, a tiny radio set—transmitter, receiver and aerial all combined—in the nose of the shell (see diagram).

A heavy A.A. shell has always been fitted with a fuse intended to explode it close to the target aircraft. The clockwork fuse, used at the beginning of the war, was set before firing to go off at a given moment, when it was predicted that the shell would be close to its target. Frequently, the shell burst short or passed close to the aircraft and exploded harmlessly farther on.

The radio proximity fuse has changed all that; if the shell passes within a certain distance of the aircraft it will explode, and that will be the end of the aircraft. The story of this device was until recently one of the most closely guarded secrets of the war.

The earliest researches were carried out in Government Experimental Establishments in the United Kingdom. Our ideas were freely passed to the United States in 1940. Development continued on both sides of the Atlantic, but the production facilities of the U.S.A. naturally enabled them to allocate far greater effort to the undertaking; and the fuses actually used in the war were all of American design and manufacture.

THE idea of a radio proximity fuse is attributed to Mr. W. A. S. Butement (designer of the "C.H.L." radar set), whose first statement of the possibilities was discussed at a meeting at Fort Halstead in May 1940 under the chairmanship of Dr. Crow (later Sir Alwyn Crow, of Rocket fame). The idea of the true proximity fuse as it is now understood was suggested simultaneously a few days later by Butement and Mr. E. S. Shire. The original patent application is filed in the names of Butement, Shire, and A. F. H. Thomson, who (as was Shire) was one of Butement's research team at Christchurch. The driving force behind the early investigations was Professor J. D. Cockcroft, subsequently to become more famous as one of the scientists prominent in the development of the atomic bomb.

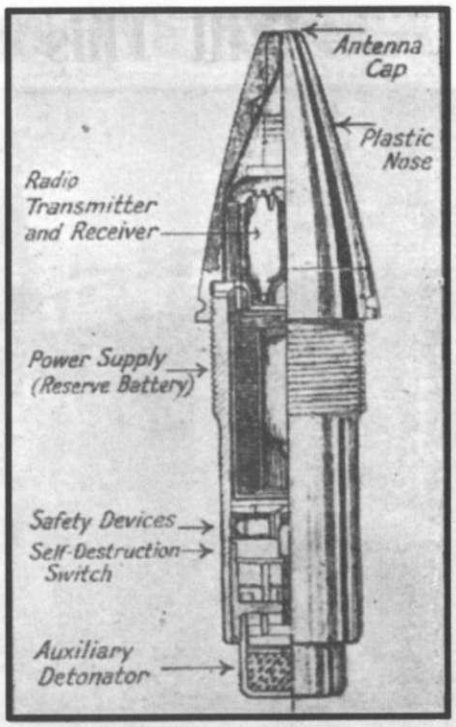
Swift Shock for the Radio Valves

Before any work could be done, it was essential to ascertain whether radio valves could be designed so that they would withstand the enormous acceleration—up to twenty times that of gravity—of a shell when fired. Experiments by Professor Cockcroft at Cambridge decided this point, and Dr. F. A. Vick, one of Cockcroft's staff, contributed much to the planning of the work. Then came the Tizard Mission to the U.S.A. in August 1940, during which radar information was passed to our American friends. The radio proximity fuse was discussed at the same time—the Americans had already been working on proximity fuses of other types—and enthusiastically taken up.

Preliminary experiments in Britain continued into 1941. Serious development began in September of that year, in collaboration with certain of the great commercial radio organizations. Effort was at first devoted to a "radio operated fuse" which should be detonated from the ground, and considerable success was achieved.

However, the investigations of Professor C. D. Ellis (now Sir Charles Ellis, Scientific Adviser to the Army Council) in early 1942 showed that the gain in efficiency of the radio-operated fuse over the normal mechanical type would not be sufficient to justify its use, and all effort was concentrated on a true "proximity fuse" which should cause the shell to explode when it came within a certain distance of the target aircraft.

All this work was done at a secret Ministry of Supply Establishment (R.R.D.E., now at

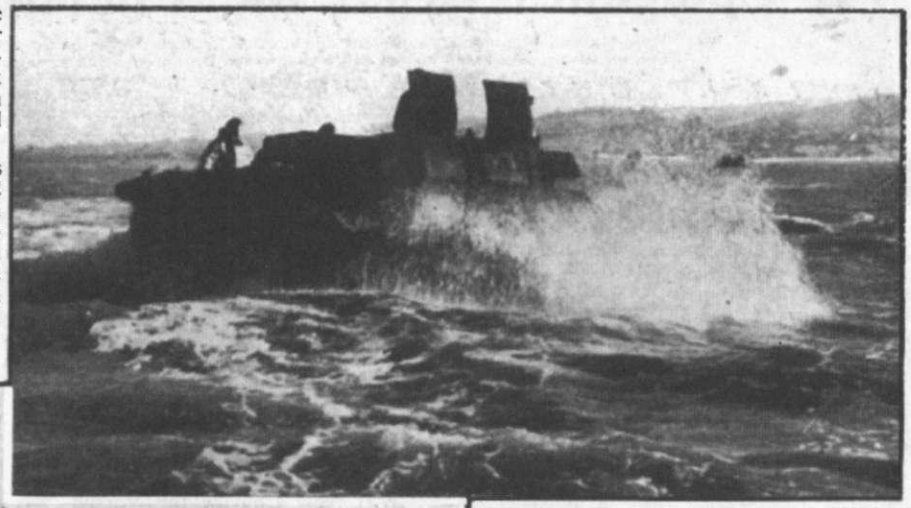


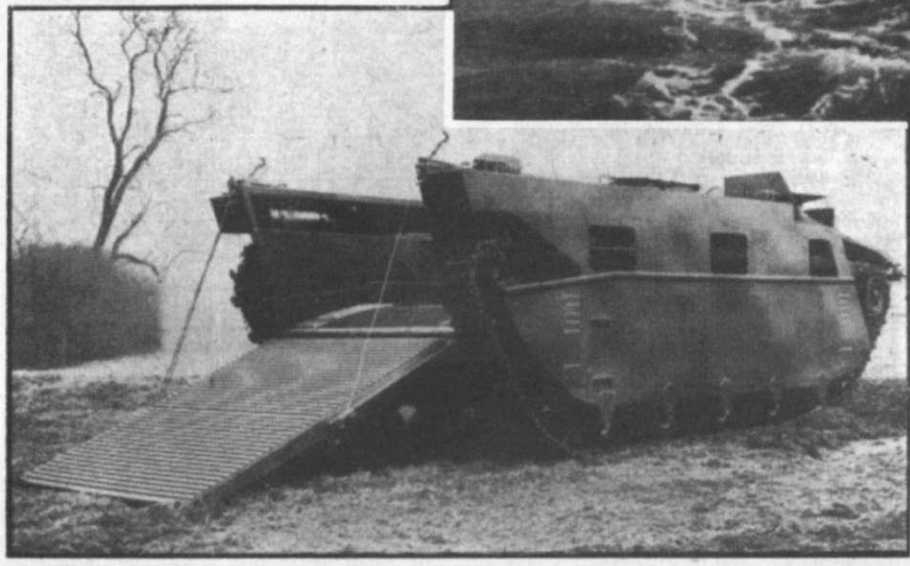
NOSE DIAGRAM of the shell that "thinks," whose secret development is now revealed in this page. *Photo, Sport & General*

BRITISH AND U.S. WARSHIPS WORKED TOGETHER on many important joint missions. From under one of the 14-in. guns of the Royal Navy's 35,000-ton battleship Duke of York are seen two of America's largest battleships—the U.S.S. South Dakota (nearer camera) and Alabama (launched 1942), both 35,000-tonners of the Washington class. The photograph was taken during an unchallenged operation in June 1943, when naval units of the two great Powers were being used as one force to patrol Northern waters and cover convoy movements, turning the tide of victory against both Luftwaffe and U-boats in the Battle of the Atlantic. *Photo, British Official*

Malvern). Certain related projects were carried on elsewhere ; a proximity fuse for rockets at the Projectile Development Establishment of the Ministry of Supply—this work was later transferred to R.R.D.E.—and a proximity fuse for bombs at the Royal Aircraft Establishment.

Meanwhile, American development was making rapid progress, and by October 1942 it seemed certain that American production would be sufficiently great to cover the immediate requirements of both America and Great Britain. It was therefore decided that the British should concentrate on certain long-term aspects of the development, and on the problems attendant on using American fuses in British shells.





THE NEPTUNE TANK rides even heavy seas (above). First news of this British tracked amphibious vehicle was disclosed in October 1945, when its specification was given as "a ship-to-shore load carrier capable of self-propulsion in any sea, able to land on a beach through heavy surf, and, having landed, to move across country." It can take a 4-ton pay-load, including the 25-pounder field gun The stern is a power-operated ramp (left), made in two hinged sections so that its height when raised is restricted. The power-unit is a 12-cylinder petrol engine.
Photos, British Official

It was agreed that first priority should go to Naval anti-aircraft applications ; and in the autumn of 1943 Thomson carried out a series of trials with American fuses under the Admiralty auspices. So successful were those trials that fuses went into operational use in the British Navy towards the end of 1943. Finally, there came the Battle of the Flying Bomb. The use of proximity fuses against such weapons was discussed by the Watson-Watt Mission to the U.S.A. in the winter of 1943, because their use by the enemy was expected, and recommendations were promptly made to the British War Office.

THESE recommendations were strongly supported by Gen. Sir Frederick Pile (then G.O.C.-in-C., A.A. Command), and the fuses duly arrived and were used with spectacular success. In fact, the sudden startling increase in efficiency of shooting down the flying bombs (in August 1944) was almost entirely due to the use of these fuses. The fuses were known by the Army as " Bonzo," but most of the anti-aircraft gunners had no idea of the secret weapon they were actually firing.

As already stated, the radio proximity fuse is a tiny wireless set, transmitter and receiver and aerial all combined, built into the nose of an A.A. shell. The valves are no bigger—and in some cases smaller—than the top joint of a man's little finger. There were formidable technical problems : means of providing (for land use) an overriding fuse, so that, if the shell did not pass sufficiently close to an aircraft to explode, it did not wait until nearing the ground on the return journey, with consequent danger to the civilian population ; the design of a battery which could be built into the shell and which would not deteriorate in store (this was one of the most difficult problems) ; some means of ensuring that the fuse was not so sensitive that it exploded in rain or near a cloud ; and, always, the tremendous mechanical strength needed to survive being shot from a gun.

All these were overcome, and the result has revolutionized A.A. shooting. The combination of centimetric radar, and the radio proximity fuse to ensure explosion at the right moment, has given A.A. guns a deadly precision unimagined at the beginning of the war.

CIVILIAN SCIENTISTS FLEW IN AIR FIGHTERS

THE scientists of R.A.F. Fighter Command's Operational Research Section, attached as technical advisers to the Commander-in-Chief, were able to do some particularly valuable work concerning the best fighter use of radar by virtue of their front line experiments.

When Britain's secret airborne interception apparatus, the miraculous radar "eyes," was first introduced in late 1940 the results were somewhat disappointing. Certain R.A.F. aces were able to achieve excellent results. But other flying crews found themselves in difficulties with the complex equipment. The civilian scientists, who had already done much experimental work leading up to the evolution of the equipment, were called in to investigate.

They accordingly took the place of Service radar operators on many operational flights, and even flew with some of the aces to observe the way they obtained results. Their experiments, a number of which brought them into actual air combat with Nazi raiders, resulted in the production of an "elementary textbook" on the use of airborne radar, which standardized procedure and increased results. They also started a school (see page 476) at which aircrews were taught the most effective use of radar equipment, and best tactics to obtain maximum results with it.

Manoeuvring for a Certain Kill

From then on, as new and improved radar sets for use in aircraft were produced, they were first handed over to civilians for air-testing under actual operational conditions. The scientists made the tests, produced their simple instruction books, and the efficiency of our night fighter force steadily increased. In another and rather similar field, Fighter Command's scientists co-operated with other scientists to man Britain's first radar "G.C.I" station, and evolve the best system for working it.

The system—"ground controlled interception"—involved a complicated plotting of our own fighters and enemy raiders, a controller manoeuvring the fighter into the best position for a kill. So well did the scientists do their job that within a very short time of their handing over the station to the R.A.F., the first enemy raider had been destroyed by this system. Numerous experimental flights were made by scientists to perfect it.

Among many other front-line tasks undertaken by them have been operational flights to observe at first-hand the effect of Nazi attempts to jam our aircrafts' radio links with base and radio navigational aids. One of the scientists lost his life on a flight of this nature, during the Arnhem operations.

Experimental flights in connexion with the laying of aerial mines and on anti-flying bomb patrols to determine whether airborne radar aids could be applied towards increasing the R.A.F.'s toll of the missiles, were among their other duties. Their work was of great value to night fighter crews, who sometimes found difficulty in estimating the speed and range of the flying bombs, purely from the deceptive light of their jets. They were also able to suggest fighter tactics for attacking the flying bombs with maximum effect and minimum damage to our aircraft.

THAMES BUOYS BAFFLED GERMANS

RADIO control was used during the war to switch off flashing-light buoys in the mouth of the Thames, notes The Daily Telegraph. The equipment was used when German planes flew over at night to drop magnetic and acoustic mines in the shipping lane. This British device, operating from 15 to 20 miles away, meant that many sinkings were avoided. Miniature aerials were fitted to the buoys. Wrens at the Thames Defence H.Q., Sheerness, operated the radio signals which turned the lights on and off at the requisite times.

If Epidemics Cross the Channel this Winter

Field-Marshal Montgomery's present and greatest problem is the battle against disease on the Continent—pestilence and plague which may reach Britain and find us unprepared. For, in the words of our Minister of Health, "Our hospitals are 34,000 nurses short!" More men and women of the right kind must be attracted, without delay, to the nursing profession. How that is to be done is outlined in this article specially written for "The War Illustrated" by FRANK ILLINGWORTH partly from an interview with Mr. Aneurin Bevan.

FIFTY thousand men and women wearing the Red Cross emblem are wondering where their future lies. From El Alamein to the Elbe they dropped from the skies with stretchers and crawled from crater to crater with plasma and penicillin through the hell of battle, while all along the line through forward dressing-stations other willing hands kept the flood of wounded flowing towards the base hospitals.

Many trained in first-aid and hospital work were killed. Many more travelled the same road as those they set out to succour. But the flow of maimed and sick was maintained. In the grim school of reality these men and women fought gangrene and bubonic plague, pneumonia and all the other ills common to peace no less than to war. And now the war is over the demand for nursing staffs is more marked than at any time since 1939.

Leaning across a wide mahogany table at the Ministry of Health, Whitehall, Mr. Aneurin Bevan said to me recently, "There'll be pestilence and plague on the Continent this winter, and if the epidemics cross the Channel, well, our hospitals are 34,000 nurses short!" Mr. Bevan's slight vocal hesitation did not rob this statement of any of its significance. Thirty-four thousand nurses short, and disease on the rampage just across the water!

THE First Great War saw Serbian troops carry into what we know now as Yugoslavia a typhus epidemic that killed tens of thousands; returning troops brought dangerous diseases to Britain, and not even *our* medical services were sufficient to nip the influenza epidemic in the bud.

Conditions are infinitely more dangerous today. Field-Marshal Montgomery has made it plain that the battle against disease is his greatest problem. Already typhus, cholera, influenza, diphtheria and other diseases have a firm hold on the Continent; and returning soldiers could easily bring any of them to Britain.

"Two thousand nurses are to be released immediately from the Forces, on condition that they return to civil nursing," Mr. Bevan said. They'll help to bring into operation wards and hospitals and sanatoria which have been closed through lack of nursing staffs. But these 2,000 trained nurses will go only a little way towards answering the demand, even if this country is fortunate enough to escape serious epidemics.

Great New Charter for Nurses

We face a situation that has long been anticipated. It is part of the problem of switching from war to peace. But it will not be solved with the defeat of world epidemics. "People are more prone to go to hospital for petty ailments than before the war," Mr. Bevan declared. And more women are showing a tendency to have their babies in hospital, at a time when we want more staff to deal with disease threats and to answer the demands of the new Health schemes now being planned.

How are we to answer this demand? By making hospital work more attractive. This is exactly the aim of a new Charter for Nurses, a Charter calculated to revolutionize the nursing profession as the switch from war to peace progresses. But, it will take years for the probationers of 1946 to become trained nurses, and this is where the nursing staffs in the Forces enter the picture.

By far the greater proportion of the previously mentioned 50,000 are still hard at work in Service hospitals all over the globe. Their time for release is coming; and if many will be glad to see the end of hospital wards, be they aboard ship or on land, the reports of Service welfare officers suggest that large numbers of men and women who were mechanics or stenographers (or still at school) in 1939 have not only become proficient nurses and ward orderlies, but would like to take up civil nursing—but for the sacrifices it demands.

The new Nurses' Charter is designed partly to banish the system that saw the number of new probationers fall off year by year. Four spells in hospital during recent years have given me the opportunity of studying prevailing conditions at first hand. Many hospitals are run on the best lines. But there is no uniformity of rules—in some, junior nurses are less nurses than domestics, in many the nurses' food was appallingly bad and the hours of work fantastically long even before the war. The pay has long continued to be inadequate.

"It's not good enough to have an 'urge' to nurse," Mr. Bevan said. "You must offer good conditions of work to attract men and women to the nursing profession." To Service men and women no less than to the schoolgirl about to step into her first job, it will be good news that the switch from war to peace is based on a unanimous agreement between all the hospital and nursing organizations, local authorities and trades unions, to give the nurse a New Deal.

To Cover the Danger Period

From early in 1946 salaries are to be raised considerably. The fully trained staff nurse will begin at £120 a year and ultimately reach £180, and the ward sister will begin at £160 a year and reach £260, with board and lodging and adequate pensions on top.

Hours of duty? A ninety-six hour fortnight is the objective (including the time taken up by lectures and classes) with a minimum of one day off weekly and four weeks' annual holiday. The new Nurses' Charter banishes the convent-like rules known in some hospitals by introducing late passes and social amenities.

Health, no less than happiness, is catered for. The former includes separate bedrooms for nurses, adequate sleep, and a certain standard of food. And Nurses' Representative Councils set up in every hospital and backed by the authorities will be able to enforce the amenities agreed upon by the various nursing an allied organizations.

BUT there are more people in hospital today than in 1939 (apart from beds occupied through an increase of 170,000 births per annum since 1940), and the immediate demand born in the threat of nation-wide epidemics is such that releases from the Services must be supplemented by a part-time nursing "division."

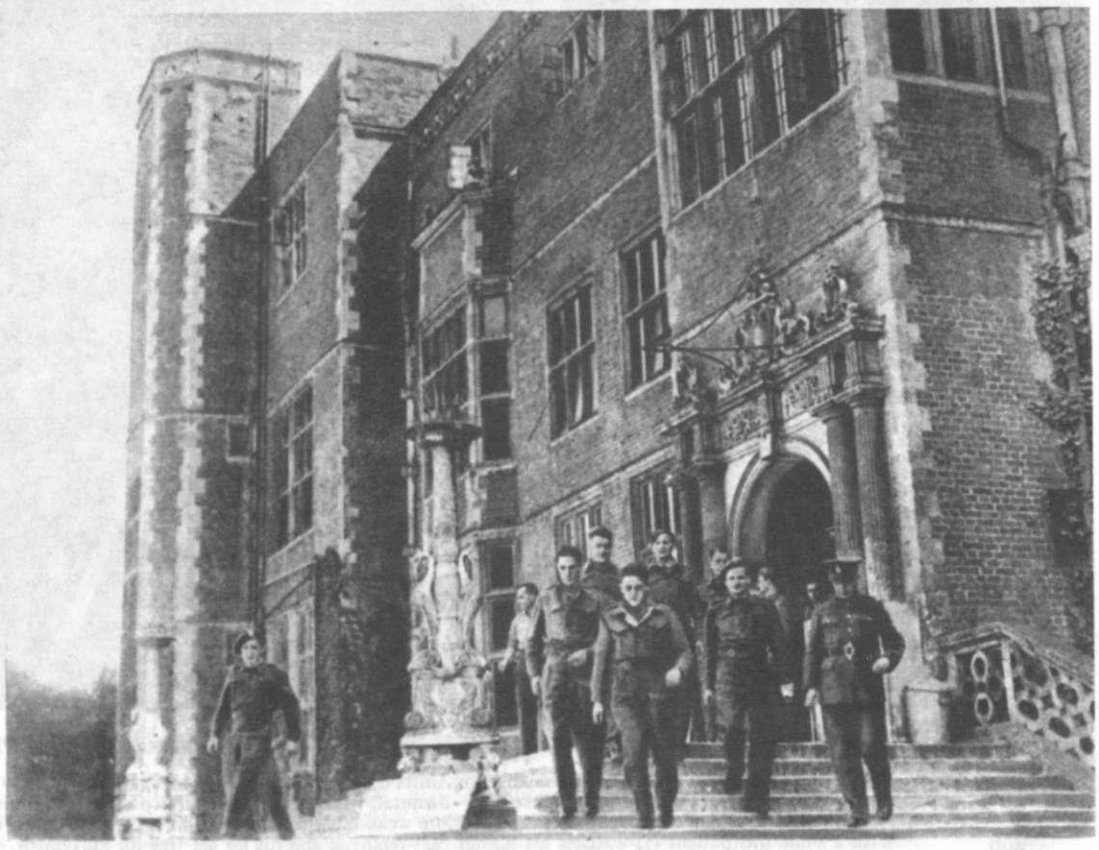
Thirty-four thousand nurses short! To cover the danger period while this gap is being narrowed down, a National Reserve of Nurses (as distinct from the extant Civil Nursing Reserve) is to be formed from women who have given up nursing for one or another reason. The change-over from war to peace in the sphere of hospitals, sanatoria and mental institutions will be slow. With tens of thousands of wounded still to be put on their feet, the Services' demands for nursing personnel will remain marked for two or more years. But the new Charter will undoubtedly prompt many Service men and women to put their wartime hospital training to good purpose in the years of peace to come.

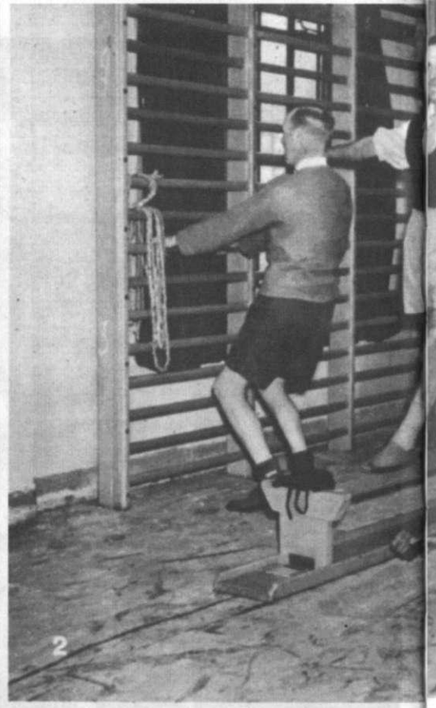
TYPICAL OF OUR HOSPITAL SERVICES, these nurses at the Middlesex Hospital, London, on November 14, 1945, were "decorated" for outstanding efficiency during the previous year. They are (left to right) Miss Marjorie Tomlinson, Miss Anne Bennett-Evans and Miss Ruth Walton—awarded the Hospital's gold, silver and bronze medal respectively.

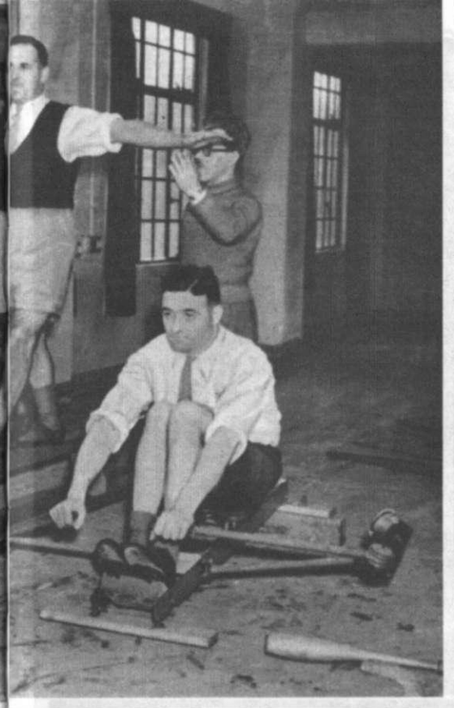
Surcease 'twixt Prison Camp and Civvy Street

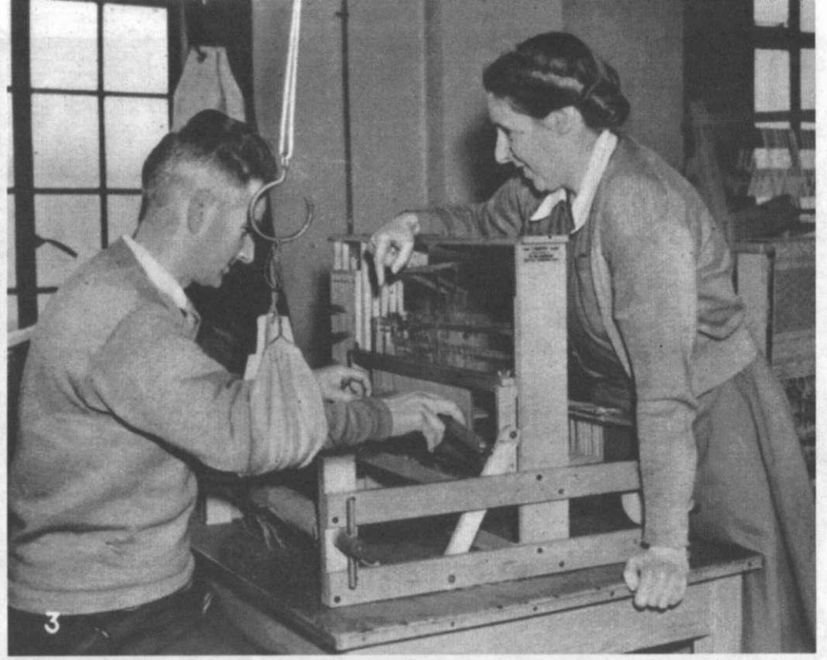
To help returned prisoners of war forget their dread experiences and fit themselves again for normal civilian life—a "jump" which many would find it difficult to take unaided—is the concern of Civil Resettlement Units. These the Army authorities, in co-operation with the Ministry of Labour and various voluntary organizations, have opened all over the country. Each establishment takes approximately 250 men at a time. Workshops are equipped for those who would revive their skill at a trade or learn the foundations of a new career. Film shows, dances, concerts, games and physical exercises provide a happy and well-filled social life.

One such unit is established at Hatfield House, Hertfordshire, built in 1610. In the magnificent banqueting hall (above) the men gather to read and talk and also to sleep; over the mantelpiece is an imposing figure of King James the First, whose home it once was. The rear entrance to Hatfield House is seen on the right.









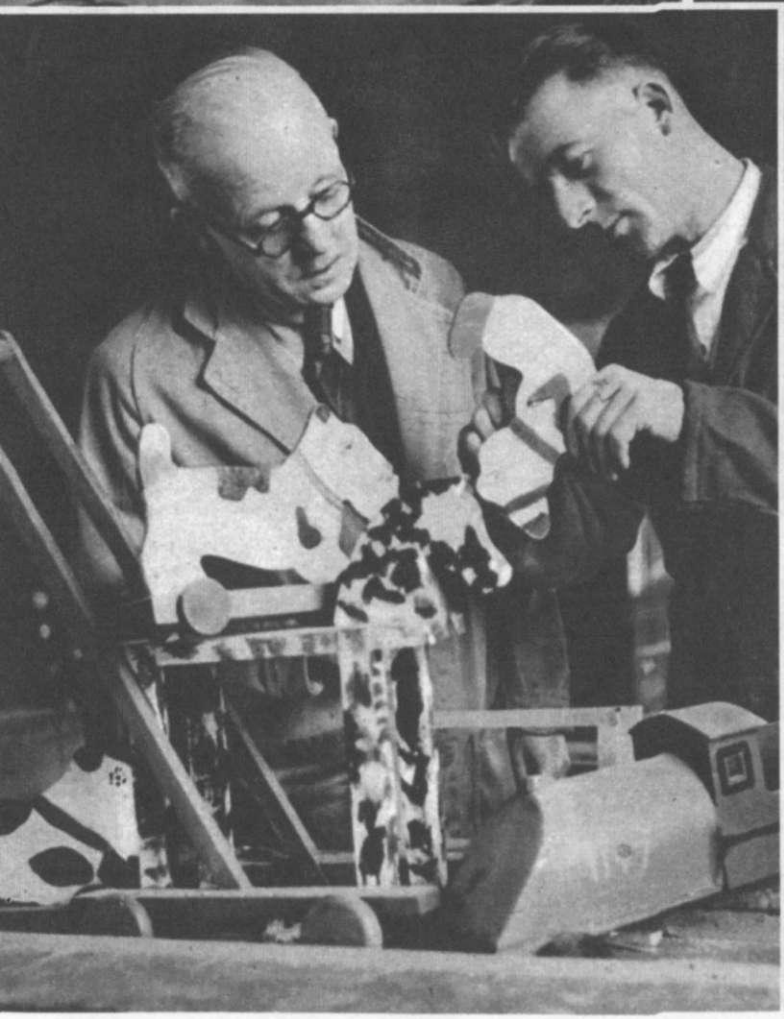
Wounded Are Helped on the Road to Recovery—

Among the most important of the Rehabilitation Units designed to assist, by occupational therapy, the speedy recovery of casualties is that at Pinder Fields Emergency Hospital, Wakefield, Yorkshire, part of the Ministry of Health service. Remedial exercises under skilled supervision restore weak muscles and stiff joints before wounds have completely healed. With a smile this patient (1) watches his plaster cast removed and his leg set free for movement. In the gymnasium (2).

Photos exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

—By Curative Treatment Engaging the Mind

Use of looms to make scarfs and rugs is included in popular forms of occupational therapy. In this instance (3) the patient, with a weak right shoulder, has that arm supported in a sling. Weight and pulley exercises (4) help the thigh muscles. Here (5) they move their injured limbs to music. Muscles of his wounded arm (6) had contracted, so that he could not straighten his fingers; with the arm in a cast he is learning to make them "work," inducing the steady return of strength.



Injuries Forgotten in the Exercise of Skill

Photos exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Some 27,000 patients (including civilians) have been admitted to the Pinder Fields Hospital; nearly 6,000 Service cases were received direct from the various battle-fronts. Remedial measures combined with amusement include the painting of lamp-shades (top left). A bullet wound caused paralysis in some of the right-arm muscles; he is using and keeping in good condition the sound ones by making a rug (top right). Toy (left) and basket making (right) enter into the treatment.

Is There Any Hope for the Germans?

By HAMILTON FYFE

It is an appalling thought that nations can be changed, as the Germans were by two wars and Hitler. Or not so much changed as cowed into submission by ruffians posturing as supermen, and persuaded or forced to acquiesce dumbly to whatever brutalities and idiocies those ruffians committed. The Italians acquiesced in Mussolini's lunatic proceedings, but they were not really changed. Life went on in Italy much as it had done before Fascism took charge.

The Italians sat down under it: as they sat down under the Austrian tyranny until they were relieved of it largely by help from outside, and as they permitted politicians of all sorts to mismanage their affairs after they had become "free and democratic." They possessed none of the qualities which gained for Germans the admiration of the world during the latter part of the 19th and the early part of the 20th centuries.

I knew Germany pretty well then and, travelling about in Europe, the Americas, Mexico and the Dominions, I came across many Germans whose genuine culture and competence made them pleasant companions as well as successful business men, diplomats, farmers, manufacturers or newspaper men. At home the Germans were, up to 1914, scrupulously honest; officials could not be bribed, they had a keen sense of public and private duty. When I went to Germany again, between the wars, I noticed a falling-off from that high standard. Hardships had made them less honest, corrupt practices had crept in; and when Hitler raised to important positions the thugs and criminals whom other nations did their best to exterminate or keep under lock and key, the moral tone of the Germans rapidly dropped.

Masses Still Dominated by Fear

Clever scoundrels became rich and were given power. The mass of people were too terrified to make any protest, let alone try to upset Hitlerism. They must have known enough about the horrible methods of the Gestapo to denounce them, if they had dared; now they pretend that they never heard of these abominations. Again they are dominated by fear—not of their Nazi oppressors but of their conquerors.

"They expected to be ill-treated," says Alan Moorehead in his new book, Eclipse (Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.), and he adds, "they had an immense sense, not of guilt, but of defeat." I believe such an expectation was a sign that they felt guilty. They did not feel like that in 1918. They were not "mortally and utterly afraid," as Moorehead found them when he went as a correspondent into Germany with the invading force. They had no reason to feel ashamed after the First Great War. The Second made them feel they had sinned so deeply against human decency that they could not look to be treated by the victors in anything but the same savage, devilish way.

Of course they were not so treated, and now they have perked up and talk about the wicked Nazis who deceived them and perpetrated outrages about which they knew nothing. As if it were possible for what went on in internment and prisoner-of-war camps to be kept secret! Why, the Gestapo didn't want it to be secret. They wanted everybody to be scared into more and more complete submission. It was the Gestapo, says Moorehead, which created in the Allied armies a loathing for everything German. The army had fought fairly on the whole. Our men did not hate their opposite numbers.

> After the fight was over the reaction of the average soldier on seeing the prisoners was to think: "Well, the poor dumb beggars, they certainly bought it. They've had it." And he would hand out his cigarettes.

But as the atrocities of the Gestapo became known, not from hearsay but from first-hand evidence—"rooms where civilians had been tortured, the courtyards where firing squads operated, the houses looted and bodies lying about"—hatred for Germans grew.

> The old feeling "We have got to fight for liberty and honour and all the rest of it" was replaced for short intervals by the more animal reaction that demanded revenge.

Wouldn't it be more accurate to say "demanded justice"? And does not justice demand that all who took part in Gestapo crimes should pay for their offences against humanity with their lives? Most of them know what they deserve. They don't ask for mercy. Generals weep when they are compelled to surrender. Moorehead gives several instances of this. But the filthy instruments of the Secret State Police (which is what Ge-st-po stands for) brazen it out.

There is a good deal of brag and bluster still among the Hitler Youth, boys and girls of sixteen to eighteen, who "were barely coming out of the kindergarten when the Nazis got hold of them. Steadily year by year life had been represented to them merely as a preparation for battle and death for the Fuehrer. Side by side with this was a gangsterish lack of ordinary morals . . . In every French village it was accepted that the S.S. boy got drunk and smashed things."

At the same time, strangely enough, "pornography went hand in hand with a superstitious revival of religion. Many of the youths carried printed prayers and charms and lucky favours . . . They grabbed at their pleasures and then suddenly, in a fit of depression and remorse, turned to religion for support and forgiveness." Moorehead wondered what hope there could be for a nation with a rising generation like that.

Before Gestapo Became Paramount

Yet he has to admit that German efficiency was able "to persuade more than half the Continent that the Occupation might in the end turn out to be a good thing. Europe was a workable proposition under Nazi rule. That was the main thing, the thing that impressed itself on people's minds. They found they could live fairly normal, comfortable lives under Nazi rule. Up to 1942 three-quarters of the Allied propaganda about starving Europe under the Nazi boot was purest nonsense. Europe was going very well. The Germans supported the local systems of government and law. They kept the railways working and they got the food and coal distributed. They did not interfere unduly with the village life." That was before the Gestapo became paramount.

This is a view I do not remember to have seen in print before. It is probably sound, though it applies more to the countrysides than to the cities. If that efficiency can be directed into wholesome channels, it may save Germany from utter collapse. They must be told what to do—by their own people; and they will do it. Moorehead thinks "the German soldiers were a good deal better disciplined than ours. They did not loot and destroy in the same way. With them everything was method." If they were ordered to carry out "a cruel, hard, cold, organized official beating-down of the peoples they conquered," they behaved so. When the order was "Behave decently," they did.

The book illustrates the difference between British and German methods by the story of a trout hatchery into which our men threw hand-grenades to kill the fish, while officers fired into the water with their revolvers. The German in charge had offered to net as many as they wanted, but they would not wait. For every one they pulled out they destroyed a hundred others and made them uneatable. Now, if the roles had been reversed, says Moorehead, the fish would have been carefully netted, but the manager would have been arrested, his house seized, and his family sent off methodically to labour camps.

If the discipline, the methodical habits, the devotion to duty (even when duty calls on you to act like the lowest of the low) can be used for good purposes instead of bad ones, there is hope for the Germans. For the Italians the author sees very little. "Something in their character has collapsed . . . The people cringed and whined when we arrived . . . They had no pride any more, or any dignity." They were too hungry to think that anything mattered but food. "The animal struggle for existence governed everything . . . Food at the cost of any abasement or depravity."

Never Again in Our Time a Menace

That was in Naples. "Not all Italians had fallen so far, certainly not the peasants (the peasants had not suffered hunger like the townspeople), nevertheless a rottenness ran through the country." This was due, it is suggested, to Fascism; but ought we not to put it the other way round? Wasn't Fascism a symptom of "something rotten"?

Italy will have to be watched. The country might fall under the domination of another Duce, perhaps a worse one than Mussolini. As for Germany, Moorehead suggests that "the Reich is ruined and exhausted beyond the recall of this or even perhaps the next generation . . . In our lifetime it can never again be a menace to us."

> We have only to stick to our programme of occupation and Germany will lapse into a small agricultural state, owning no great industries, having no power to erect the vast machinery necessary for a modern war—a thing that did not happen to her last time.

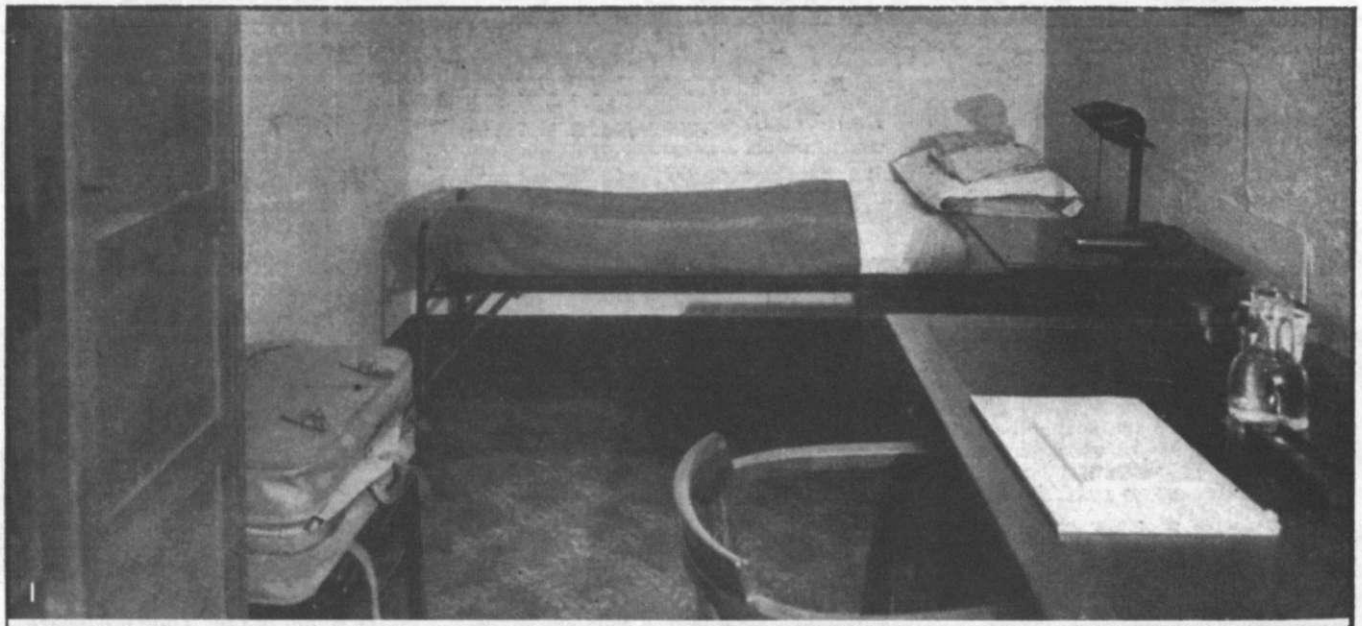
However, Moorehead admits that "it might be a good thing to be vigilant in the years ahead." I don't think "might be" is nearly strong enough.

One thing the Germans ought to be taught is that Hitler was not only a dishonest scoundrel but a fool. I cannot understand Moorehead's statement that "the majority of Hitler's decisions throughout the war were remarkably sound." I should have said that Hitler made almost every mistake possible. The greatest of all was not drawing back his armies into the inner fortress—Germany itself—as soon as it was clear to his military advisers that there would be a successful invasion of Europe. We must be very thankful the conduct of the war was not left to the German generals.

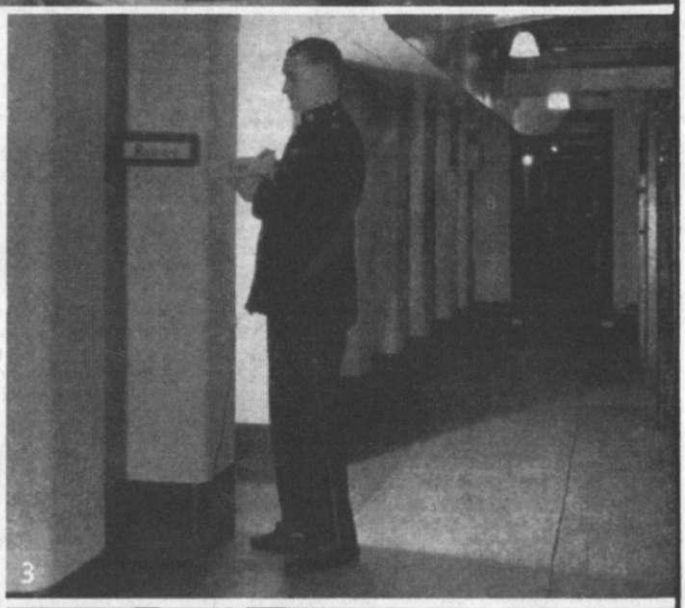
Not that they were equal, man for man, to our supreme military leaders. Rommel was good, but not so good as Montgomery. The secrets of Monty's brilliance were, first, that he always insisted on superiority in numbers and armament before he struck; and second, that he made all his soldiers feel he was "one of us." He has humour, too, which Rommel conspicuously lacked.

He can turn even blunders into assets. Once he told a brigade: "I would like to have you with me wherever I go." This caused gloomy looks. At once he added: "But you don't know where I am going. I may go home on leave." Roars of laughter and applause. He used the same trick in other speeches—with similar results.

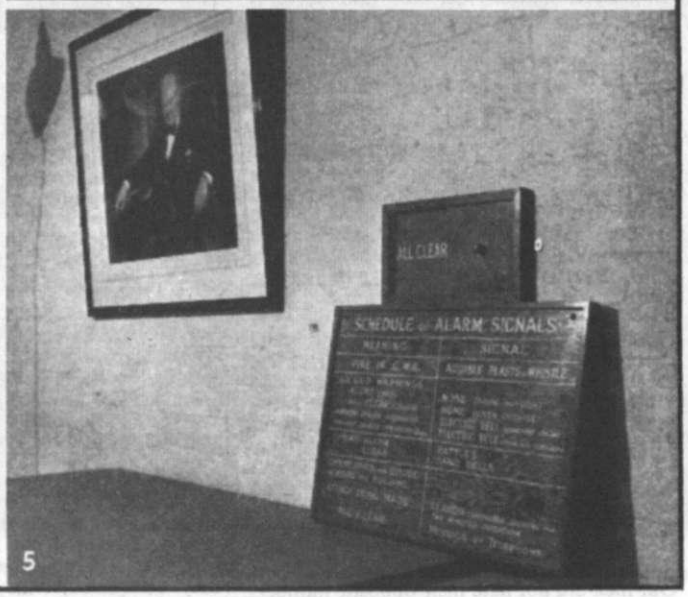
Secrets of Britain's Wartime Nerve Centre—


1

2


3

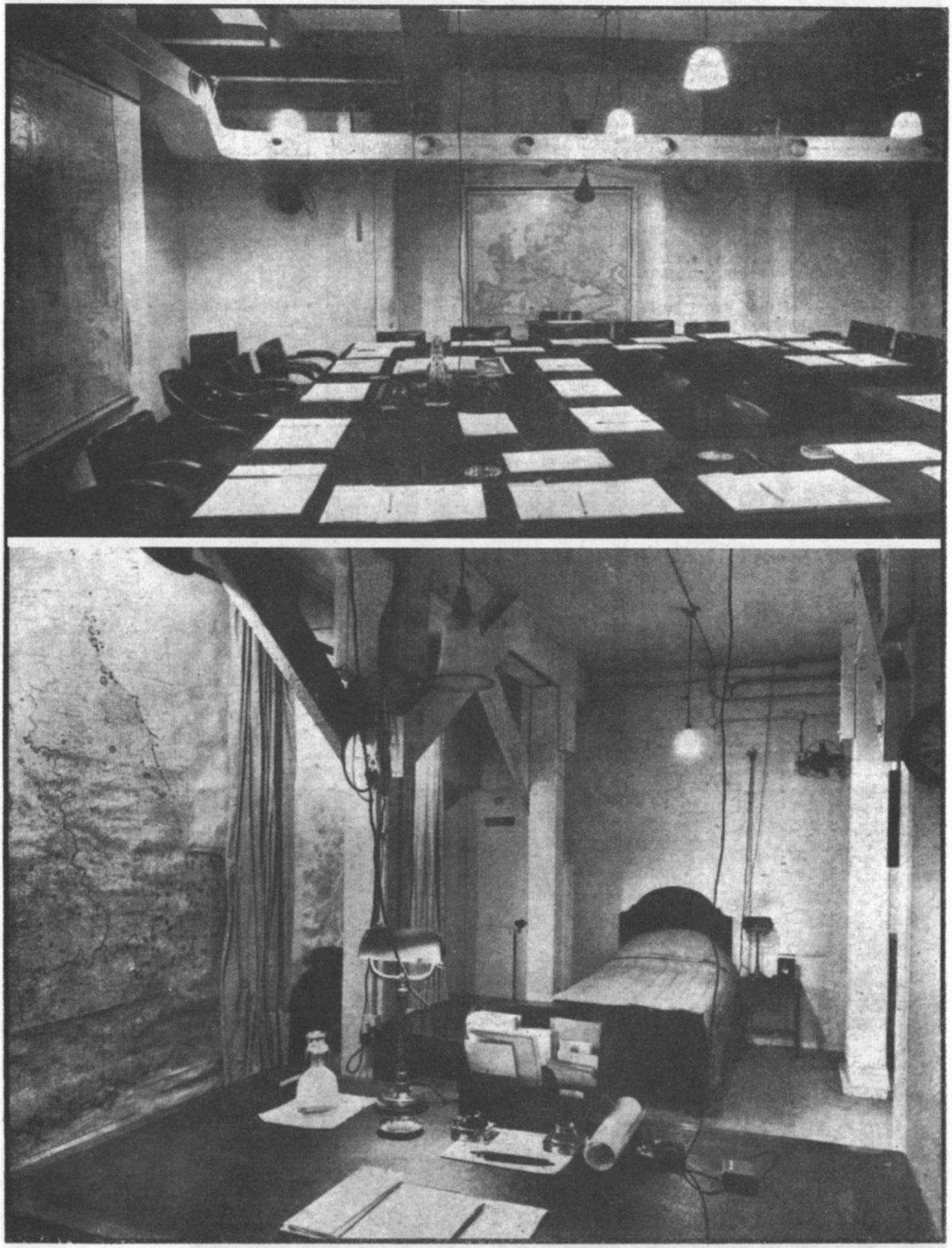
4



5

OUR WAR CABINET'S BOMB-PROOF H.Q., it was revealed in November 1945, was 70 ft. below Government buildings in Whitehall, so strongly reinforced that it is doubtful if even an atomic bomb could affect it. As Deputy Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee occupied this bedroom (1). Through a slit in the thick walls at ground-level (2) all callers were scrutinized. A notice-board (3) proclaimed the state of the weather "up above." This fireproof safe (4) housed secret documents. A schedule of alarm-signals was prominently displayed (5). *Photos by courtesy of Illustrated.*

—Where Cabinet Worked Beyond Reach of Bombs



OUR CAMPAIGNS IN THREE CONTINENTS were directed from the underground Cabinet War Room (top), Britain's nerve-centre from 1939 to 1945; the round-backed chair on the left was Mr. Churchill's. Hung with wall-maps showing important changes hour by hour was the Premier's private room (bottom)—one of a suite of three occupied by him and his family—in which he worked and slept; from the big mahogany desk the Prime Minister made most of his famous war broadcasts.

Photos by courtesy of Illustrated.

R.A.F. 'Week-End' Pilots Go Back to Peace

On July 29, 1945, just before the fifth anniversary of the start of the Battle of Britain, in which the R.A.F.'s "week-end" pilots won their greatest triumph, the Air Ministry announced that squadrons of the Auxiliary Air Force were to revert to their peacetime status. Specially written for "The War Illustrated," this article recalls some of their outstanding achievements.

In the annals of the R.A.F. there are no more stirring records than those of the County and City squadrons of the Auxiliary Air Force, whose members gave up most of their spare time in the days of peace to train for the great air war they felt sure would one day break.

When the call came they exchanged their city clothes and sports jackets for flying kit and left the club-rooms of the airfields at which they had learned their craft (and where they had been in the habit of carefully arranging their take-offs and landings so as not to disturb the Sunday morning service at the local church) to fly out to do battle with Goering's professional killers.

Today the pages of their record books are rich with the chronicles of their victories. They fought over the beaches of Dunkirk; they stood firm with the rest of the Few when Britain was assailed by the mighty Luftwaffe; they helped to carry the war across the Channel to France when the sweeps began; they defended Malta; they won victory in the African skies, in Italy, and in the final battle for Europe's liberation.

First Blood to the Auxiliaries

Long before most of our regular home-based fighter squadrons had even seen a German aircraft, the Auxiliaries had opened their score by shooting down three Heinkels in the first German raid on the Firth of Forth on October 16, 1939. To the City of Edinburgh and City of Glasgow Squadrons, Air Chief Marshal Dowding, A.O.C.-in-C. Fighter Command, signalled: "Well done; first blood to the Auxiliaries." There was no stopping them after that. They continued to take a steady toll of the sneak raiders who crossed the North Sea during that first winter of war to bomb and gun defenceless fishing-boats and sow mines at British harbour mouths.

The Auxiliaries saw the first Battle of France from both sides of the Channel. A.A.F. Hurricanes had gone to the Continent to join the Air Component, and both they and their English-based comrades helped to fight off the swarms of dive-bombers which pounded the B.E.F. on their way home from Dunkirk. Then came the Battle of Britain. The Auxiliaries in the Midlands and the North moved South "for the shooting season." They did not know it then, but they carried the fate of Britain and the whole civilized world in their hands. There was no easy introduction to air combat; some of them took up their new battle stations in the morning and by the afternoon were in the thick of the fighting.

Exactly how many German bombers and fighters fell to the guns of their Spitfires and Hurricanes has not been disclosed, but it is estimated that one in every three of Goering's raiders which tumbled out of the skies was shot down by an Auxiliary airman. Squadrons increased their scores by anything up to fifteen a day; pilots became veterans in a few weeks. But they had their casualties, too—the ranks of the Auxiliaries became thinner as the desperate struggle went on into September and October.

Like their colleagues in the regular R.A.F. squadrons, the Auxiliaries fought and died anonymously. It was the policy of the Air Ministry not to build up "aces." Even today their names are little known outside the Service, except for a few like A. V. R. Johnstone (see illus. p. 559, Vol. 3), Max Aitken (see illus. p. 391, Vol. 3), George Denholm and Whitney Straight, all of whom have reached high rank in the R.A.F.

After the day battles came the struggle by night, and once again the Auxiliaries played a leading part. Londoners of Numbers 604 (County of Middlesex) and 600 (City of London) Squadrons searched the darkness in their twin-engined fighters for Heinkels and Dorniers, while cities burned beneath them. Under a succession of brilliant A.A.F. commanders, of whom Group Captain John Cunningham, D.F.C. (see illus. p. 246, Vol. 4), is the best known, the Middlesex Squadron, after many difficulties, mastered the science of fighting blind and became the acknowledged authorities on night interception. Within a few months they had 50 or more kills to their credit in this field of operation.

By this time, however, the Auxiliary squadrons—particularly the day fighter squadrons, who had suffered heavier casualties—were losing much of their "amateur" status. Regular airmen had to be drafted to fill the places of those lost in combat, and soon the little metal "A" on the lapel of a pilot's tunic was seen less frequently. However, mainly through the ground crews, the ties with City and County were retained. There are scores of non-commissioned airmen of the Auxiliary Air Force who have serviced their squadrons' aircraft for five years in many theatres of war.

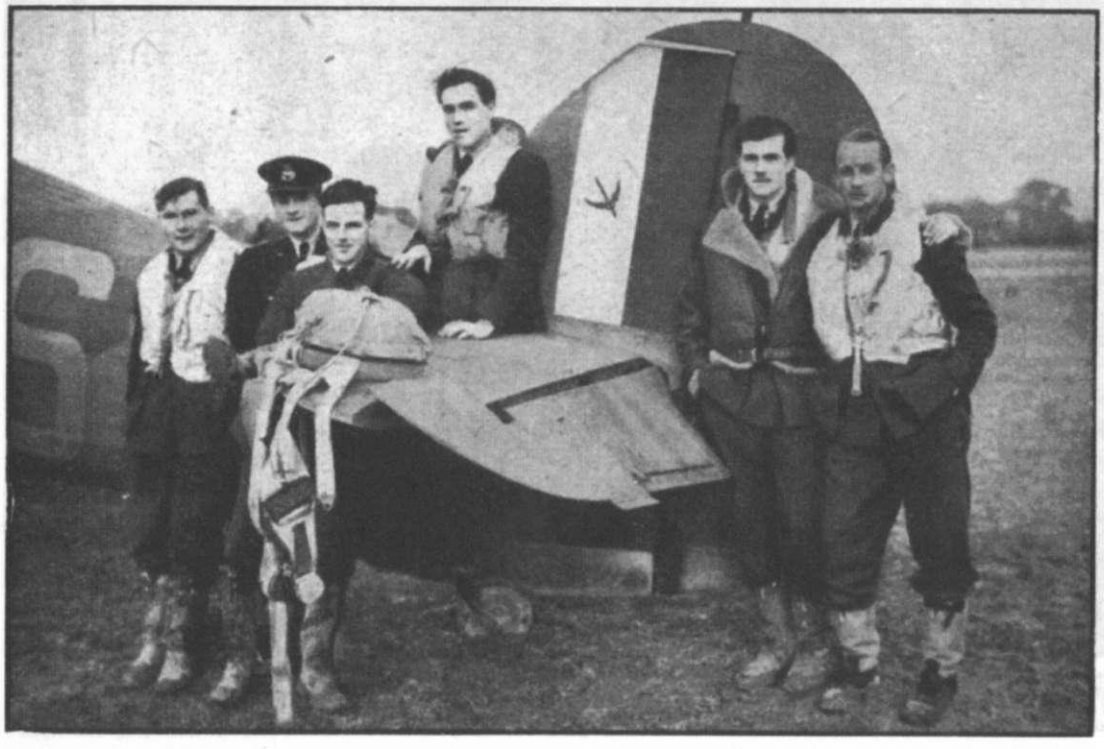
Dive-Bombed the V2 Rocket Sites

Number 601 (County of London), for instance, took the winged sword of the capital to Malta in 1942 to fight in the defence of George Cross Island. The City of Edinburgh Squadron were there, too, and later operated in the Western Desert. The City of London also did a successful Mediterranean tour, and celebrated their 100th victory in Italy.

The two Scottish squadrons came together again last year and ended the war in Britain as they began it, fighting side by side. This time their targets were not Heinkels and Dorniers, which they had hunted together in the early days, but the V2 rocket installations in Holland which they dive-bombed in their Spitfires, often in face of intense anti-aircraft fire. They were defending London all over again, and the capital's ordeal would have been worse but for their skill and courage.

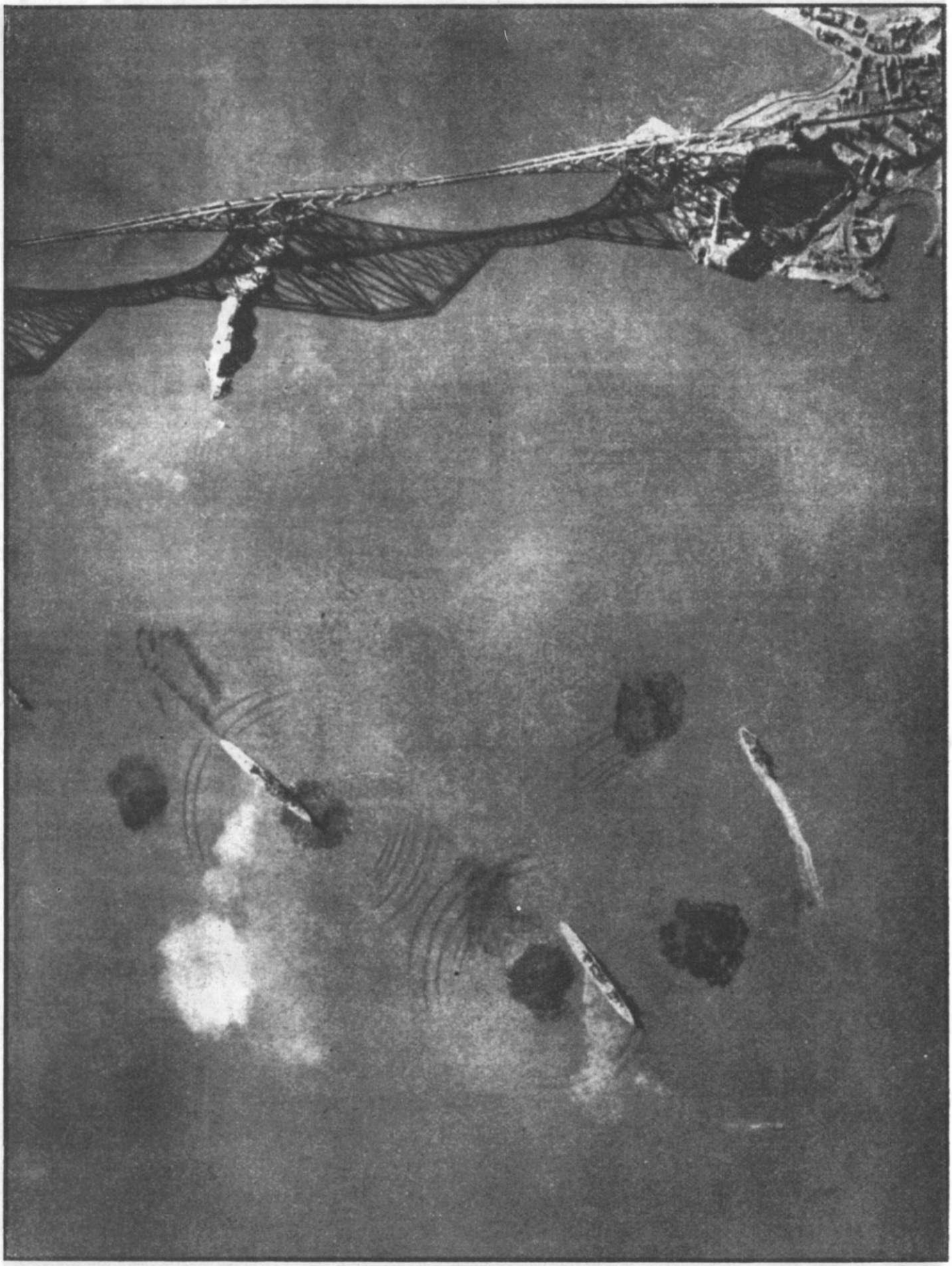
Most of the Auxiliary pilots who fought the early campaigns are now found in staff offices and commanding stations and sectors. Many are gold-braided, proving that their usefulness did not end with their operational flying career. In R.A.F. messes all over the world the deeds of the Auxiliary airmen were being recalled as the squadrons went back to their peacetime flying, and the Auxiliaries themselves honoured the memories of fallen comrades.

Those who flew over Kent and Sussex five years ago have probably been thinking of one man, whose combat record eclipsed all others—Archie McKellar, a Scotsman, who took part in the Forth Bridge fight and later led the County of Warwick Squadron in the life and death struggle over Southern England. He was killed in action in the last days of the Battle after shooting down no fewer than 18 raiders.



600 SQUADRON (City of London), some of whose pilots are seen (left) grouped about the tail of a Hurricane, was among the most gallant of our Auxiliary Air Force, with 10 D.F.C.s and over 100 enemy aircraft to its credit. These pre-war "week-end" pilots who trained in their spare time numbered in their ranks bank clerks, bus conductors and students.
Photo, British Official

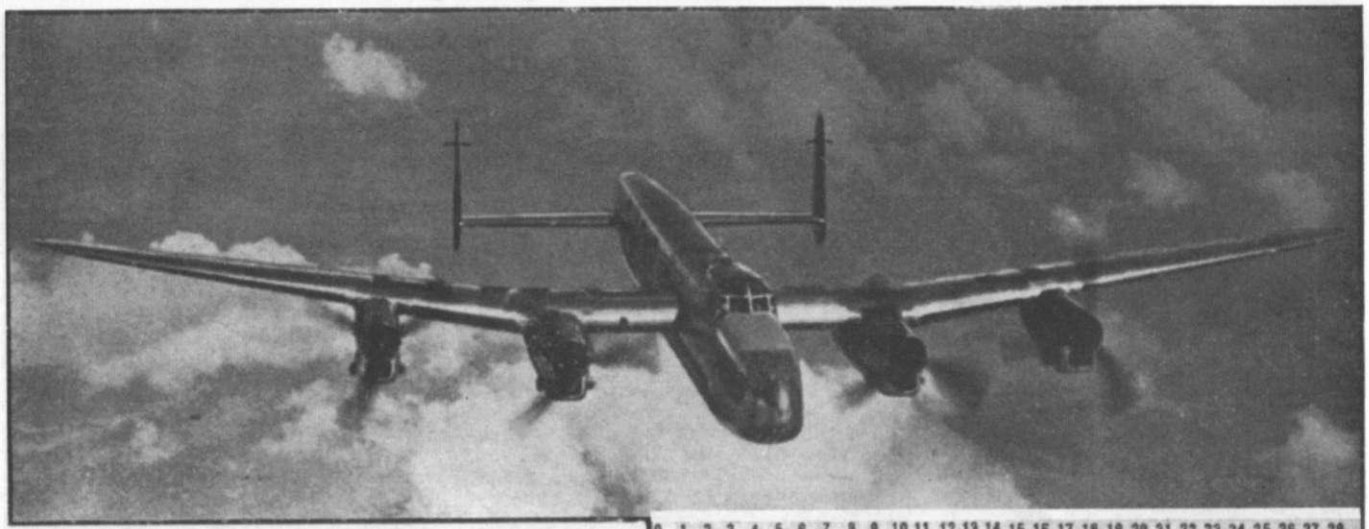
First Raid on Britain as Seen by the Luftwaffe



GERMAN AIRMEN SAW THE FIRTH OF FORTH LIKE THIS when they first raided Britain, on October 16, 1939, causing casualties in H.M.S. Mohawk and other warships. Dark patches in the photograph (taken from a Nazi bomber and now in R.A.F. hands) indicate where bombs fell; close to the centre pier of the famous Forth Bridge is Inch Garvie Island. Participating in the shooting-down of four of the twelve or fourteen raiders were R.A.F. Auxiliary pilots. See facing page; also illus. page 297, Vol. I.

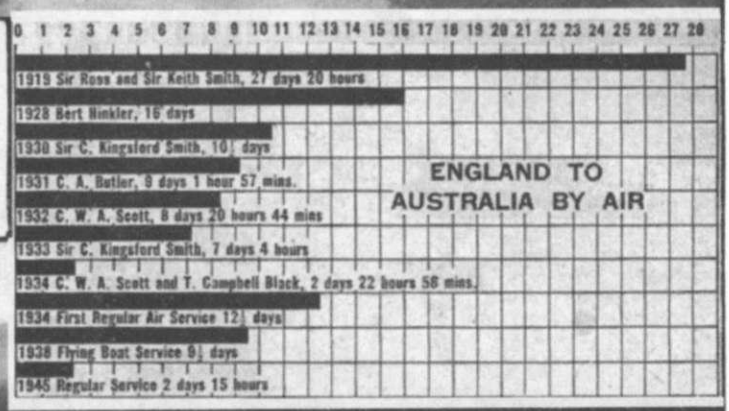
Photo, British Official

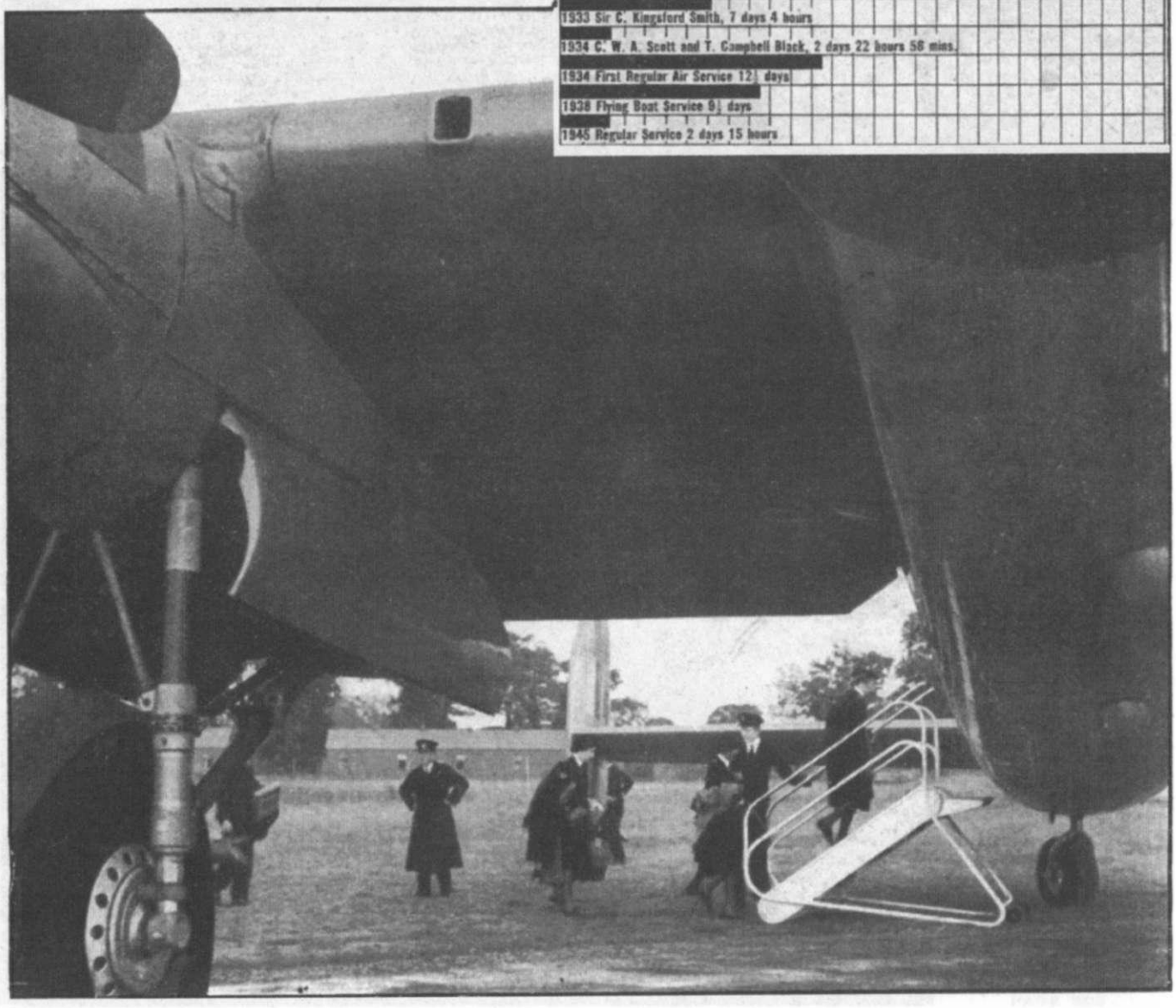
Now 63 Hours Only on Bournemouth-Sydney Run



THE ENGLAND-AUSTRALIA AIR SERVICE, jointly operated by British Overseas Airways Corporation and Qantas Empire Airways, opened on May 31, 1945, and completed its hundredth flight on November 5, when a Lancastrian (above) touched down at Hurn, near Bournemouth. It had flown the 11,762 miles from Sydney in just over 63 hours, in accordance with schedule. These Lancastrians, modifications of the Lancaster bomber, have cut hours and days off famous record flights by other aircraft, (right). They carry a crew of five and six priority passengers (below). See also illus. page 481.

Photos, B.O.A.C. and Fox. Diagram: Evening Standard. PAGE 504


0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28
1919 Sir Ross and Sir Keith Smith, 27 days 20 hours
1928 Bert Hinkler, 16 days
1930 Sir C. Kingsford Smith, 10½ days
1931 C. A. Butler, 9 days 1 hour 57 mins.
1932 C. W. A. Scott, 8 days 20 hours 44 mins
1933 Sir C. Kingsford Smith, 7 days 4 hours
1934 C. W. A. Scott and T. Campbell Black, 2 days 22 hours 56 mins.
1934 First Regular Air Service 12½ days
1938 Flying Boat Service 9½ days
1945 Regular Service 2 days 15 hours
ENGLAND TO AUSTRALIA BY AIR



I Was There!

Eye Witness Stories of the War and After

I Was in Surabaya When the Shooting Began

From the "front-line" in Java's second city came this account of the outbreak in October 1945 of hostilities between Indonesians and our troops. It was told to The Evening Standard correspondent Arthur La Bern by a British naval officer who escaped from Surabaya, minus revolver and luggage, to Singapore. See also pages 418, 441 and 453.

THIS story is pure melodrama—but it happened . . . Liberty Hotel in Surabaya was comfortable. The beer was magnificent and the food was good. We asked ourselves what all the talk was about. Why should there be trouble? In the evening of our second day ashore the shooting started. At first it was distant, then suddenly it was outside. Our Indian guards dropped quietly behind the low wall in front of the hotel. They had a Bren gun and a two-in. mortar.

We dined to the music of occasional shots. Then we stuffed Mills bombs into our pockets, turned the pistol holster back and joined the Indian guards. In the distance grenades were exploding, Brens and Indonesian machine-guns were chattering. The whole town seemed to be fighting. Our radio was tuned to the Army transmitters, and back in an empty room a loudspeaker was telling how the battle was going on elsewhere. The news was disquieting. Isolated companies were surrounded. The Brigade H.Q. were encircled and fighting desperately.

At 7.30 next morning the Indonesians attacked us. One of our Indians was seriously wounded by fire from across the street. Two sergeants of an Army film unit took cover behind the hotel wall and began burying Dutch money in a flower bed. It meant death to be captured with these notes.

An Australian major was the senior officer. Our force consisted of 30 Indian troops, a British and two Indian Army public relations officers, and a dozen other assorted Allies. There were also four women with children. A four-hour battle started.

I remember bullets hitting the plaster. Our wounded waited patiently. Indonesians were shouting in bad English, "Come down, come down." Anton, the Indonesian kitchen manager, was crouching behind an upturned table parleying for us in an hysterical voice. Then the Australian major walked down the hotel stairs with my white handkerchief to make terms, while the crowd clamoured round to kill us.

They drove us in open trucks through turbulent streets. Rifles swung at us, mobs crowded about us at barricades with knives and spears. At Kalsosok gaol they searched us. We were locked in our cells. Educated Indonesians came to our rescue. A leader of the Antara Press Agency went to Dr. Soekarno, the Indonesians' "President," and said: "Free them. Give them police guards."

We were smuggled out in closed cars with guards on the running boards. We were driven at midnight to the palace of the Governor of East Java. He fed us and said he was sorry we had been "in trouble." We slept fitfully in an hotel with guards outside. Then at breakfast the crowd found us, and the guards lost control of the situation.

LAST R.A.F. PRISONER OF WAR left in the Bandoeing area of Java was Sergt. Tan Siong Hoon. He remained to supervise the rounding-up of Japanese. *Photo, British Official*

Only the eloquence of our Antara Press friend saved us from the mob. For two hours they crowded round us, shouting that we were Dutchmen, fingering knives, pointing rifles and machine-guns at us. Then the police arrived in strength. When we got back to the brigade they said, "Come and have a drink. We heard that you were all dead." We needed that drink!

We Cheered at London's First Peace Pageant

With all the old enthusiasm, intensified by the bleakness of later years, Londoners turned out in thousands on November 9, 1945, to greet the Lord Mayor elect, Sir Charles Davis, as he went by on his historic journey from the Guildhall to the Law Courts. Impressions of this year's Show, from The London Evening News, are by Leslie Ayre. See illus. in page 506.

TO many of us the shadow of St. Paul's seemed as good a place as any from which to watch the Show. And a magnificent procession it was—in which the young and the not-so-young all had their place—which wound its way, brave and colourful, against the background of the war-battered City. It was a nostalgic thrill for many. But to the little blonde girl, waving her streamers, and her schoolboy companion, all was new, all exciting. So it was, too, to the American and other Allied soldiers who jostled cheerily with us.

Crowds of students, shouting and cheering as they marched round the side streets, helped to amuse us during the long, cold wait. Then came the joyful clamour of the bells. The cheering swelled and mingled with the clash of military bands. And round the bend into St. Paul's Churchyard came the white helmets and gleaming long bayonets of "His Majesty's Jollies"—the Royal Marines.

The American sergeant beside me was busy with his camera as they swung by. "Swell!" seemed to be the best description he could find. The blue of the Marines gave place to the khaki of the Grenadier Guards band, followed by a contingent of the regiment, this time fixing the newer short bayonets.

Then the Buffs (Royal East Kent Regiment), wearing khaki berets, with their band, and on their heels the band and a contingent of the Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment). And then the Honourable Artillery Company. For the first time in history we had seen a joint march through London of all the five regiments privileged to go through the City with drums beating, colours flying and bare bayonets.

But we were to see the fixed bayonets of the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force too. And now the women marched by—and none drew greater cheers. At the head of the A.T.S. Pipe Band strode their kilted, white-gloved drum major, bravely whirling her silver-topped staff. Behind them came the W.A.A.F. Band, followed by contingents of Wrens, A.T.S., and W.A.A.F.

Still more marching women, this time the Voluntary Aid Detachments of the British Red Cross and St. John Ambulance Brigade. There were grey hairs among some of these women who had played their own special part in the war years.

More stirring martial music as the Band of the Coldstream Guards swung by. Away down Ludgate Hill into Fleet Street we could see showers of "ticker-tape" and streamers cascading down on the procession. It was a merry barrage for the new Lord Mayor.

R.A.F. OFFICERS ARRIVING IN JAVA to help quell the Indonesian outbreak were formally greeted by Jap officers and aircrew on alighting from a Japanese Topsy aircraft. First R.A.F. casualties occurred on November 14, 1945, when a Mosquito crew were wounded by A.A. fire. Rebel anti-aircraft shooting was reported as highly skilled. *Photo, British Official*

LORD MAYOR'S SHOW SEEN FROM ST. PAUL'S on November 9, 1945, was observed to have regained much of its pre-war glory as it moved in mile-long procession down badly-blitzed Cannon-street (above) to the Law Courts, headed by the band of the Royal Marines. At the Mansion House the Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee, greeted the new Lord Mayor, Sir Charles Davis (inset). **Story in page 595.** *Photos, Fox, Central Press*

When the Dead of Two Wars Were 'Remembered'

The Two Minutes Silence, the first Armistice Day ceremony at Whitehall since 1938, made November 11, 1945, a date specially memorable in the minds of many whose feelings were inexpressible. The thoughts of one who stood on a roof-top opposite London's Cenotaph are in this Daily Express story by James Cameron. (See also illustrations in pages 490 and 491).

It seemed for a moment at 11 a.m. that this was the first space of silence, the first relief of utter quiet our restless city had known for seven years. When the gun abruptly barked in the Horse Guards' Parade and that extraordinary, unmistakable hush spread over London like a pool, one realized how nearly one had come to forgetting what stillness meant.

The year 1938, that was the last time we had been here. Not in all that time had there been, nor could have been, all this lustrous ceremonial, bright and sombre, gay and grieving, this traditional moment which had, we must face it, become rather a wry and mocking thing by 1938.

I stood on my patch of roof opposite the Cenotaph in the biting, sunny wind, watching the thudding bands, the rhythm of moving uniform, the old-fashioned glint of silk hats held in the hand, and thought how long ago was 1938. Nothing had changed, except the world around. This, then, was the first memorial for the Twenty-Seven Years' War.

The sense of tradition, or habit, or continuity, whatever it may be, made it inevitable, I suppose, that November 11 should be the day, and that once again the ocean of people funnelling into Whitehall should be flecked with the red of poppies. Were there poppies on the fields of Arnhem, or Longstop Hill ?

That was the strange telescoping of time that brought things far apart into the compass of the same moment of memory—Armentières and Alamein, the Somme and Singapore, Flanders fields and the Falaise Gap. This was not the Armistice Day of the years between, this was different ; if it meant any thing at all it had to mean twice as much, or all that had happened in these last years was vain and unthinkable.

Along Whitehall, past the Horse Guards, as far as it was possible to see into Trafalgar Square, the people stood jammed from kerb to kerb. There may have been more in 1919, I would not know, but I cannot imagine so. They stood so closely that they became a unified entity, as a great crowd can be.

I am no better than most people at knowing what a man a hundred yards away is thinking. But when a stooping clerk with the Mons Star stands at the side of a boy with the D.F.C. —when a woman whose light went out in 1917 stands with a girl who thinks only of Dunkirk—what in human reason can they possibly feel ?

I do not believe this has happened before in quite the same way ; I hope that is the answer. One may know some day. The graceful stone that Lutyens raised in memory of the war that was to end all war was gradually

PRINCESS ELIZABETH, as a Junior Commander of the A.T.S., laid a wreath at the Cenotaph for the first time. *Photo, P.N.A.*

hemmed in by all the circumstance of the day. The bands played, the troops snaked in—how extremely well is this affair produced and stage-managed !—the clergy held their flapping surplices about them.

The Cabinet gathered in their black-and-white row ; Mr. Morrison spoke to Mr. Churchill and rubbed his hands together in the cold wind. The King and Princess Elizabeth and their entourage took their place ; the Queen and her companions watched from a Home Office window.

One found oneself wondering irrelevantly what the other Novembers since 1938 had seen, since they had not seen this. Last year ? We were storming Walcheren. The year before we were crossing the Sangro ; before that we were landing in North Africa ; before that again we were groping in the ruins of Coventry. All those things, when there might have been no Armistice Day for us.

Then the hour struck and the maroon cracked, and Whitehall, and London, and Britain, and who knows how much of this weary world were left in silence with whatever private thoughts seemed best. Myself, I believe I thought a little of the men not there, the statesmen tackling the atom bomb problem, whose work at that moment was probably of some particular importance to the whole sense of this day. Two minutes is not a very long time to think of the things that must be thought of.

Then the scarlet wreaths began to climb up the sides of the Cenotaph, the familiar procession of old and young, upright and limping, the ones who remember and the ones who do not yet remember, filed past the stone and became the crowd again. So we all went back and became the crowd again, out of the memory of war into what we now, rather doubtfully and desperately, call peace.

AT THE CENOTAPH on November 11, 1945, where for the first time since 1938 Remembrance Day was observed, stood (left to right) Mr. Ernest Bevin, Foreign Secretary ; Lord Jowitt, the Lord Chancellor ; Mr. Winston Churchill ; and Mr. Herbert Morrison, Lord President of the Council, bareheaded during the two minutes' silence. *Photo, P.N.A.*

Four Nazi Flags Which Were to Fly Over London

Proof of how Nazi Germany, before ever war was declared, plotted to conquer and occupy Britain, was in evidence at the Earl's Court Exhibition on November 26, 1945, opening day of the sale by auction of the contents of the former German Embassy, Carlton House Terrace, London. An Evening Standard reporter describes what he saw there on November 12.

DRAPED round a pillar in the Exhibition's Brasserie Restaurant, where the Embassy's furniture and other goods are now stored awaiting the sale, are four Nazi flags—silver-fringed with huge black swastikas staring from white circles on red backgrounds. When I inspected these, I found that each bore an inscription in the left-hand corner in white German characters.

Translated, these read : "North London," "South London," "West London" and "East London." The flags were those the Nazis intended to fly over the four chief centres of London, once Britain's capital was occupied. And they were hidden away in the German Embassy in the heart of London long before the war.

Hanging on one of the walls of the Brasserie I found a number of large maps of Britain. The North Sea was not the North Sea on those Nazi maps. It was the German Ocean. And Britain had been carefully divided up into a score or so of numbered areas. The Nazis were taking no chances with their private documents and papers when, with the coming of the war they had planned, they would have to vacate the Embassy.

The burning of documents by fire was not certain enough for them. So they had installed a special electrical machine which tore documents and papers into tiny, indecipherable shreds. When I looked at the machine today it was stuffed with the shreds of the last document which the Nazis destroyed before they left the Embassy for good in September 1939.

A few yards away from the pillar bearing the Nazi flags is the Embassy's enormous 25 ft. long conference table—a magnificent piece of furniture in highly polished mahogany. It was at this table that His Excellency Joachim von Ribbentrop planned with his Nazi associates.

Tucked away in a corner I found a granite head of Adolf Hitler. It must have been the German Embassy's central showpiece.

NAZI FLAGS, intended to be flown in London after Hitler's "occupation," were among items from the German Embassy which came up for auction, as told here. *Photo, Fox*

HITLER'S HEAD, in granite, weighing 5 cwt., which once adorned Ribbentrop's London Embassy, was offered publicly for sale in November 1945. *Photo, Fox*

★=*As The Years Went By—Notable Days in the War*=★

1939

November 30. *Russia launched land, sea and air attacks on Finland ; Helsinki bombed.*

1941

November 25. *H.M.S. Barham sunk off Sollum.*
November 26. *General Ritchie replaced General Cunningham during Sidi Rezegh battle, Libya.*
November 28. *Rostov retaken by Russians.*
December 6. *On Moscow front, Red Army opened big counter-offensive against Germans. Great Britain declared to be in state of war with Finland, Hungary and Rumania.*
December 7. *Pearl Harbour bombed. Japan at war with Great Britain and United States.*

1942

November 24. *Stalingrad's defenders linked up with relieving troops north of the city.*
November 27. *Germans entered Toulon ; French warships in harbour scuttled by crews.*

1943

November 28. *First meeting at Teheran (Persia) between Roosevelt Stalin and Churchill.*
December 1. *Eighth Army broke German "winter line" on Sangro River in Italy.*

1944

November 30. *Port of Antwerp declared open.*
December 3. *"Stand down" of Home Guard.*

My Flying Visit to H.M.S. Battler

By CAPTAIN
NORMAN MACMILLAN
M.C., A.F.C.

H.M.S. Battler's deck looked absurdly small as we curved down towards it in a left turn, the standard method of approach (to an aircraft carrier) in deck landings. I saw the deck flying control officer (called the " batsman ") standing on the port side of the flight deck with one table-tennis-like bat in each hand. Pilots watch his signals, and in response hold the aircraft's nose up, lower it, turn more (or less) to left, open or close the throttle. But my pilot, Lieut. D. Wormald, R.N.V.R., " A " Branch, was no novice in his craft, and the batsman held his yellow-painted bats motionless with outstretched arms in the Steady-As-You-Go signal.

The Swordfish finished her turn central to the deck and dead into wind, and the ship vanished from my sight as the aircraft's nose blocked out all forward vision. I gripped the padded sides of the observer's cockpit. An instant later I was pushing hard with the muscles of both arms taut to prevent my body from being hurled violently forward. I know of no other sensation like this rapid deceleration after the landing hook picks up the arrester cable of the flight deck. The muscular compression builds up rapidly to a maximum, remains almost constant for a fraction of time, and then swiftly eases off. It is the quickest landing you can make except a nose-in crash, for the aircraft comes to rest in a few feet, and has to be specially strengthened to take the consequent strain.

How Arrester Cables and Crash Barriers Safeguard the Aircraft

Each transverse arrester cable is held about a foot above the deck by two hydraulic rams, one on either side of the deck. The number of cables varies in different classes of carriers. The Battler, a Carrier Escort vessel, had eight arrester cables and three crash barriers. Crash barriers are simply cables stretched across the deck up to a height which will ensure the stopping of an aircraft. They have a dual function: (1) to stop aircraft that have overshot the arrester cables from going over the bows into the sea, and (2) when aircraft are parked forward in the bigger ships to prevent aircraft failing to take off successfully from running into the parked aircraft.

Each arrester cable is free to slip off its hydraulic rams when it is picked up by the landing hook which the pilot lowers below the after half of the fuselage of the aircraft. The cable-ends are reeved through the flight deck to hydraulic braking mechanism underneath, which applies the powerful deceleration to the aircraft. Aircraft can now be landed on carriers every 25 to 35 seconds, and flown off every 15 seconds.

On the Battler's long fore-and-aft and narrow bridge on the " island " I met Captain H. Norman and Lieut.-Commander (flying) B. Sanderson. Here, too, were helmsman and signallers. From the bridge I could see the 436-ft. length of the flight-deck, overlaid with wood to reinforce the light steel plate. One fore and one aft lift conveyed aircraft to and from the single hangar, about 260 ft. long and almost the width of the ship.

Forward on the port side was a catapult track, a slotted rail flush with the deck and containing a cable. A strop connects this cable to hooks on the aircraft. The aircraft's tail is held by gear which breaks under load when the catapult takes up the strain. The aircraft is then swished into the air in about 30 ft., with a force equal to about two and a half times its own weight.

Lieut. W. M. Crichton, the Air Staff Officer, showed me over the ship. Below the bridge were the Operations Room, and working in conjunction with it, the Aircraft Direction Room which controls fighters from ship to enemy aircraft by means of radar as in the G.C.I. shore system. Aircraft Briefing and Intelligence Rooms were combined to economize space. Bomber and fighter aircrews used one Readiness Room.

An automatic beacon emitted two letter signals at 30 degrees' intervals right round the horizon; aircrews knowing the code and wavelength could pick them up to plot their course for the ship. In the Met. Office a meteorological officer prepared synoptic weather charts to provide the ship with weather information.

The captain's cabin, under the flight deck opposite the " island," where I left my flying kit, was a large, luxuriously furnished flat, more comfortable than in many a British-built warship, and comparable with the delightful admiral's flat in the Ark Royal.

The Battler, designed on merchant ship lines, was the first U.S.A. escort carrier to be handed over to the R.N. Commissioned on October 31, 1942, her executive and air operations were performed by R.N. and R.N.V.R. personnel, while engineers of the Merchant Navy with R.N.R. rank ran the machinery of the ship. The 18 knots class speed of these escort carriers is too slow for operations with the Fleet, but sufficient for their special functions of escorting convoys and serving as assault carriers. Their complement is about 400, with another 200 when fully operational with aircraft aboard. They operate Swordfish, Seafire, Hellcat and Avenger aircraft.

In the wardroom I met Lieut.-Commander J. Macdermott, a Cunard-White Star officer, with purple insignia of the engineer between his two and a half criss-cross rings of gold lace, one of six still in the ship of the original crew who took her over at Pascagoola, Missouri. He was at Salerno, where in covering the landing the Battler lost all her 24 Seafires.

The wardroom was plainly equipped with American furniture. The ante-room looked like a shore café; there was a small bar in one corner. The dining-room had long tables in parallel rows. Officers' cabins in a carrier are always rather cramped, because officer personnel is 50 to 100 per cent relatively greater than in a battleship or cruiser. The cabin I entered had two superimposed bunks, drawers for clothes, a writing-desk and a chair. To wash and shave one went along to the toilet; being an American ship, showers took the place of the British personal immersion baths.

The ratings' mess had long tables and benches, and on one side a cafeteria with American articles—Camels and Lucky Strike cigarettes, chewing gum, Ipana toothpaste, Coca-Cola and other soft drinks. I expected to find that this novelty would appeal, but one of the Petty Officers I spoke to said he would be glad to see British goods instead—perhaps nostalgic sentiment.

The galley was like a modern shore kitchen, with electric cooking, monel metal sinks and boilers. The warship atmosphere was absent between decks. No hammocks were slung in the passages. Ratings slept in beds that folded to give more room when not in use. I gathered they were not too popular, because beds are easier to fall out of when the ship rolls.

I saw the workshop with lathes, a paint-shop, carpenter's shop, boatswain's store, and laundry; a first-class operating theatre with sterilizers, X-ray, and a full, fixed operating table with operating lights; an excellently equipped surgery; and a comfortable sick bay with clean white sheets and an air of passenger comfort.

The machinery space occupied one section of the hull, wherein all the engine units were collected—the boilers, high and low pressure turbines geared to a single shaft, auxiliary plant driving dynamos, compressors and pumps. Steel ladders, catwalks and platforms, all slippery with oil, were the means by which we reached every unit in this compartment of the hull.

Asbestos-Clad Fire-Fighters in Readiness With Extinguishers

Two 4-in. high angle guns aft and two twin-Bofors guns fore and aft were the main armament. On various parts of the ship were eight twin and two single Oerlikons with gyro sights. From the aft Bofors platform I watched some Seafires coming on—looking straight up at the belly of the fuselage a few feet above my head as they crossed the stern.

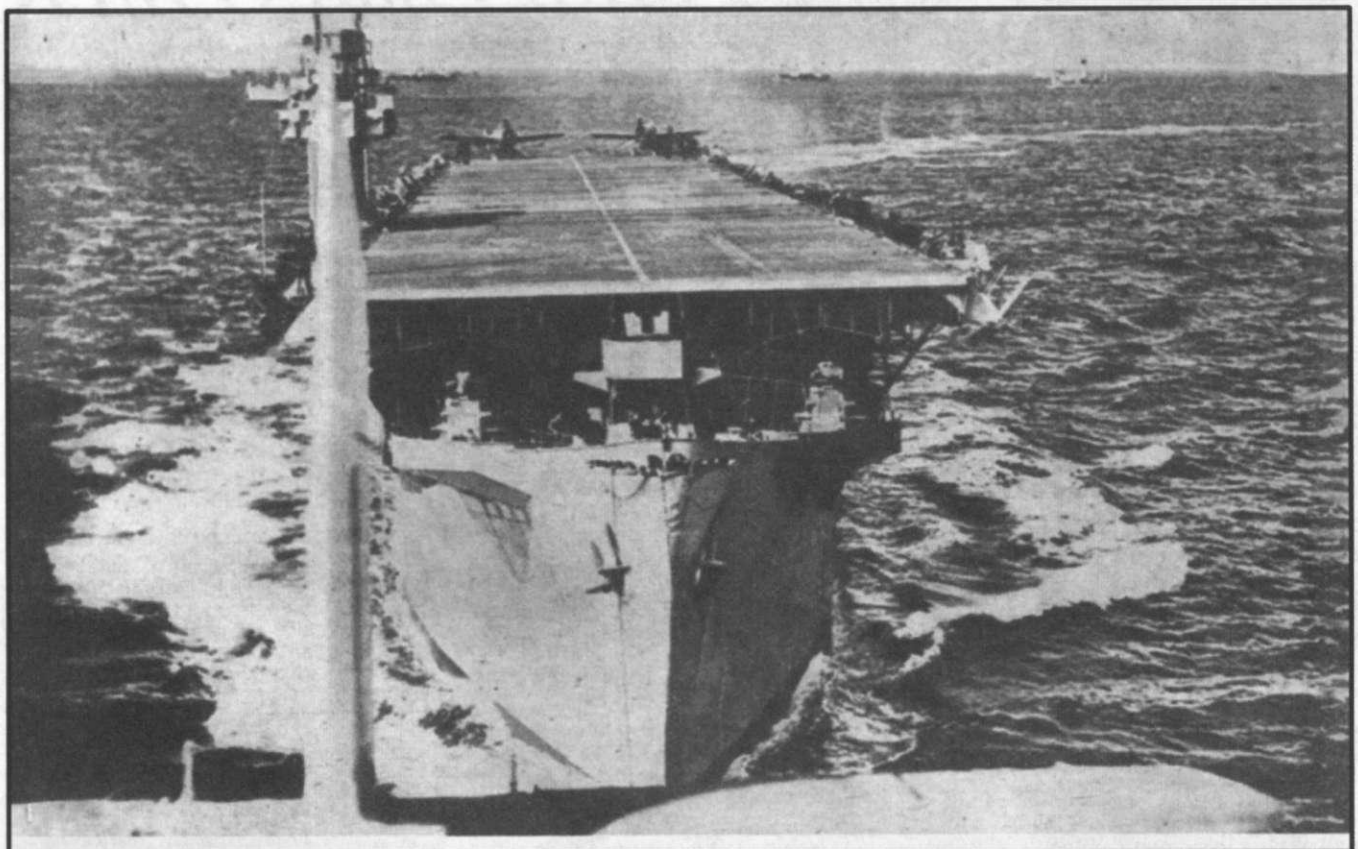
From the bridge I watched some pupils (" smogs ") landing on. The first Seafire made a good landing. The second was perilously near the port side. The third hit the deck aft of the first arrester cable, bounced into the air, swerved, came down, crashed the under-carriage and was saved from going over the side when his tail wheel picked up one of the forward arrester cables. A fourth crashed because its deck-landing hook broke, and it was badly damaged by running into the crash barrier; petrol swilled over the deck. Asbestos-clad fire-fighters were ready, as usual, with fire-foam extinguishers; but there was no fire, and no one was hurt.

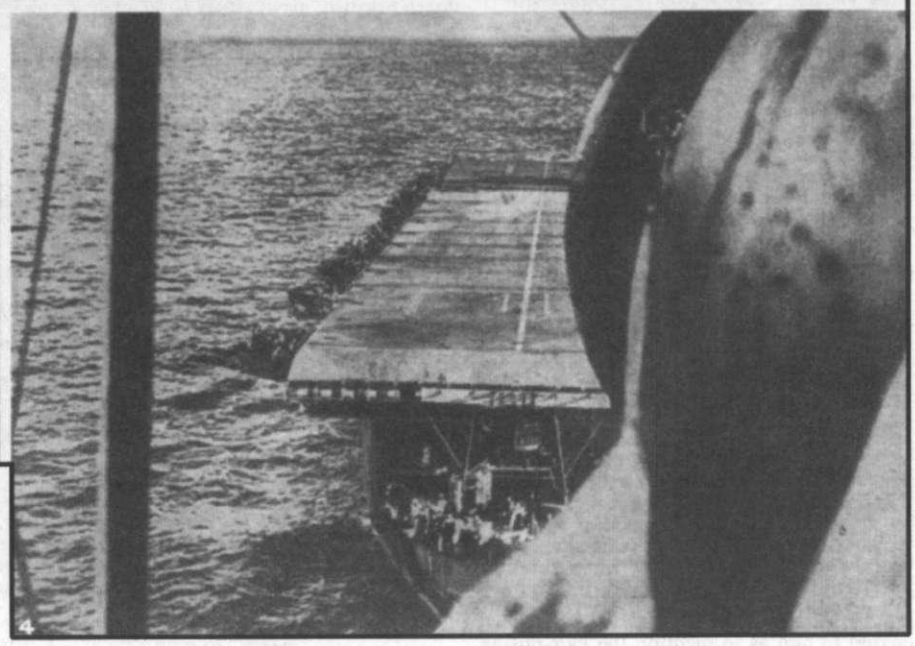
Due to their very blind forward vision when gliding slowly, the Seafire and Corsair are regarded as two of the most difficult aircraft to land on. And a Seafire, with its finger-tip controls, is not an easy aircraft to curve semi-stalled down to the flight deck. Pilots who deck-fly them deserve admiration.

When the call came for me to man aircraft, I said good-bye to Capt. Norman, thanking him for his courtesy, and walked aft. I climbed into the radio-operator's central compartment in the Avenger whose 1,600 h.p. Cyclone engine was already ticking over, and closed the sliding roof sideways over my head. A raucous hooting sounded as Wormald moved the control to spread the wings, warning everyone to get out of the way as the wings swung forward automatically and locked into flying position. As he opened the throttle with the brakes on, another siren hooted to indicate that the under-carriage was locked down. The 14-cylinder air-cooled radial engine roared, and we were off.

The " island " flashed past in a confused blur just beyond the starboard wingtip—we spanned 54 of the ship's 80-ft. wide flight deck—and then we were over the bow and in the air. It did not seem that we rose before reaching the end of the flight deck, but I supposed that Wormald, with his experience of deck flying, did not attempt to pull up until he was well clear of the ship. There is plenty of sea room for an aircraft flying at the height of a flight deck in normal weather.

Escort Carriers: the Take-Off and the Land-On





SWORDFISH TORPEDO-BOMBER, part of the tail of which is seen in the foreground (1), has just taken off from the carrier H.M.S. Biter. The Battler (2), escort carrier visited by our Air Correspondent, is here seen from one of her aircraft. Deck Flying Control Officer (3) sometimes signals aircraft by means of handlamps. The Biter (4) as it appeared to a pilot about to land-on. See facing page.

Photos, British Official

The Editor Looks Back

AS my readers know, I have maintained in "The War Illustrated" from its first number a page of personal notes on the more human interests of these six years as they have engaged my thoughts. In the earlier days of excitement and apprehension I registered especially my own reactions to the events of the moment, and at the end of 1940 a selection of these was published, called "As The Days Go By . . ." In turning over the pages of that book again I find so much in it which has assumed a new interest in the five years that have passed since it appeared, that I now offer my readers a series of extracts with a new commentary, which I hope may prove of exceptional interest now that we can all look back from the more pleasant viewpoint of "Afterwards."

HOPE REALIZED Sept. 9, 1939

Looking at the first number of my old WAR ILLUSTRATED (1914–19) tonight, I find that H. G. Wells wrote in a famous contribution to that publication, "This Prussian Imperialism has been for forty years an intolerable nuisance in the earth." And we thought we had ended it in 1918! But like the professor who was recently attacked and pursued by the head and upper part of a venomous snake, after three-fourths of its body had been severed, the bestial thing assails us again in the form of Nazi Imperialism. Germany, Prussianized or Nazified, is indeed an intolerable nuisance on the earth, and I hope to live to see the whole foul brood of Nazi warmongers in their graves or each in that Doorn whence there is no return.

WELL, that hope at least has been fulfilled and in living to witness its fulfilment I have had some reward for the six years of discomfort, anxiety and frustration which, in common with all who have not hitched their wagon to the star of Bureaucracy, I have had to endure. The "Doorn" mentioned was a reference, now obscured by the astounding course of events, to the last retreat of the abominable warmonger who plunged the world into the first world-wide conflict of 1914–18. Holland's "neutrality" from which he profited by spending his inglorious years in felling trees before he was peacefully buried, was one of the first things which his Nazi successors swept away. Alas, poor Holland!

THE BOGEY MEN Sept. 9, 1939

"Do you think we'll win?" I was asked last night by a young "lit'ry gent" of the true Bloomsbury blend. "If we had many of your sort, I'd not be too sure," was my ready, if rude, reply. He didn't knock me down. That's the only instance of doubt I have registered so far, and if you saw the weedy propounder of the query you would not be surprised at his trend of thought. I have, however, met again a bogey man of yore . . . famous author, too. He has written voluminously on European politics out of a plenitude of ignorance and talks always with a whispering "d'y' know?" when unfolding his tale of terror. As nothing that he ever prophesied came to pass, I will not be so unkind to him as to mention the hair-raising horrors he foresees for those of us who carry on our jobs chiefly in central London's streaming roar . . . now reduced to the pleasant murmur of a big cathedral city.

THE first of these persons unnamed has long ago redeemed himself; by pen and voice he has done service of real value to the War effort, so that the Tennysonian line about "more faith in honest doubt" is once more vindicated. The other bogey man has been dead for years, possibly hastened to his grave by sheer pessimism, a delight in debunking, and a lack of faith in his own countrymen. Faith in victory is the first element of its achievement.

BRITISH QUALITIES Sept. 9, 1939

Americans may be star organizers. But I conceived a new admiration for my own people when I saw how they handled scores of thousands of children and mothers evacuated to a reception area near my seaside home. And when I arrived in a childless London, passing through continuous scenes of evacuation on its fourth day, I felt that I had witnessed an absolute triumph in which care, solicitude, courage and human effort were all compact.

AMERICA'S part at D-Day, 1944, gives point to my reflection at the beginning of the two years in which Britain stood alone except for those few deceptive months of "the Phoney War" when an impotent Belgium and an irresolute France were with her in arms. The British qualities I specified in my note endured all the way to V Day. And still endure!

FUTILE PROPAGANDA Sept. 16, 1939

A few days before the fateful September 1, I collected in my club reading-room about a dozen British newspapers and periodicals with large pictorial advertisements of the scenic attractions of Germany and invitations to visit them. "Camouflage!" I remarked to the friends to whom I showed them. Camouflage they proved to be. When the treacherous rogues were lavishly pushing out these advertisements to suggest a peaceful playground for British tourists, the U-boats had already been a week or two on their way to their ocean stations with instructions to sink Allied ships at sight and "without trace" as soon as they got the word that war was "on." But at a future day Dr. Goebbels . . . if there is still a Dr. Goebbels . . . will point out these advertisements to his poor deluded countrymen as evidence that Germany was asking for British tourists when the perfidious English were scheming to go to war with their peace-loving Fuehrer. Childish, yet it might easily deceive the somewhat simple-minded German.

BUT there isn't a Dr. Goebbels any more, as I had half anticipated from the start, so the folly of that propaganda looks all the more foolish today when all the vast machinery of Nazi organization has crumbled in the dusty desert that was Berlin.

GOERING SCREAMS Sept. 16, 1939

Goering has often been described as a moderating influence on the madder moods of the Fuehrer, but those who listened to his hyena-like howlings when he spoke last Saturday at the unnamed munitions factory in Berlin will agree that "moderation" can have no meaning for such a screamingly ferocious fire-eater . . . And yet in his speech, for all its bitterness against Britain, there was evidence of at least some small doubt about the issue, in the alleged willingness to discuss peace at a relatively early date. As our War Cabinet chose that same day, and almost the very hour, to state that they were contemplating a war of three years' duration, Field-Marshal Goering—famed as a *raconteur* of bawdy stories, by the by—may have many other opportunities of screaming his faithfulness to his Fuehrer, whom he pretends to revere as Germany incarnate. But a time will come when the scream no longer signifies defiance.

TO which I need only add that the time has not only come, but is now long past, and the Screamer is even now appearing, with his colleagues in iniquity who still survive, before the tribunal of Justice with no scream—unless it be of mental anguish—left in him.

PROPHECY FULFILLED Sept. 16, 1939

"Not a bomb will be dropped on London," a friend—who lives snugly in the country—assured me yesterday. He has the H. N. Brailsford notion that the Nazis will refrain from London terrorism out of fear that Berlin would quickly be made to suffer equally. Maybe, and again maybe not. But my old friend Bogey, mentioned last week, who spent a month or two studying things in Berlin shortly before the war, assures me that the total destruction of Berlin would not bother Hitler and would make no difference to the course of the war, whereas . . . Isn't it dreadful, the things they say?

The War Cabinet's preparation for "a long war" is strictly in accord with Kitchener's prevision at the start of the 1914 struggle, when all Germans and most British expected a short, decisive trial of strength. This is a war to end Hitlerism and it will go on until Hitlerism is ended.

It has just been revealed that the ration cards issued to the deluded Germans by their villainous government at the outbreak of war were dated 1938. What say those who assured Chamberlain a year ago that he had only to "stand up" to the Hitler gangsters and they'd knuckle down? They were clearly "all set" for war before Munich.

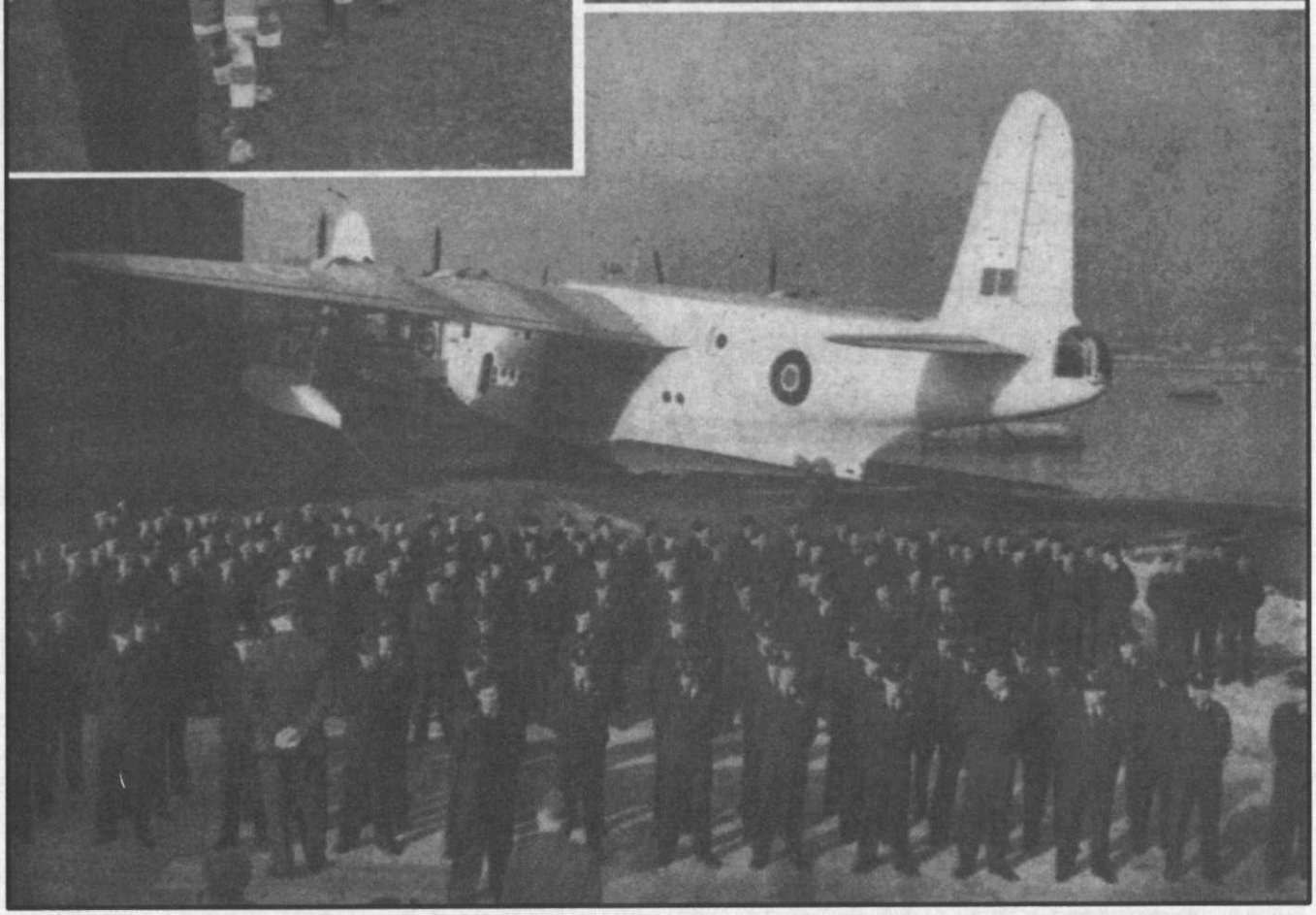
When this war is done, Hitler will surely be dead . . . possibly by his own hand . . . or behind prison bars . . . These may be uncertainties, but the certainty is that there will be neither a Hitler nor Hitlerism in Germany to disturb the peace of Europe for generations to come.

COMMENT on these last four paragraphs is hardly needed. But the reader I think will agree with me in considering them worth re-reading at this distance of time, with the reservation that we must wait a little longer to see the ultimate burial of Hitlerism as I so confidently predicted six years ago.

In Britain Now: Hail and Farewell to Heroes

S.S. STRATHMORE docked at Southampton on November 11, 1945, and was given a rousing welcome, with a regimental band playing lustily (right). The troopship carried 3,750 officers and men of the 2nd Div. of the 14th Army from the Far East for demobilization.

THE DYNAMOS, Moscow's famed soccer players, opened their whirlwind visit here on November 13, 1945, when they drew three-all with Chelsea at Stamford Bridge. They came on to the field (below) bearing posies, which they presented to their opposite numbers in the home team—a custom common at Continental sports meetings. Later they defeated Cardiff City by 10—1 and Arsenal by 4—3. The latter game (played at Tottenham, N. London, November 21) was almost obscured by dense fog.



FAREWELL PARADE OF R.A.A.F. VETERAN SQUADRON in this country took place at Mountbatten, Plymouth, on October 31, 1945, when they were addressed by Air Commodore G. H. Boyce (left foreground, back to camera) before returning to Australia on the S.S. Athlone Castle. No. 10 was the first squadron of the R.A.A.F. to go into operation in Britain, which they did early in 1940. They flew over 4,000,000 miles with Sunderland flying-boats of Coastal Command, destroying 8 enemy ships and damaging 16.

Photos, P.N.A., Central Press, G.P.U.

Smiles on Czech National Independence Day

CELEBRATED FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1938, Czechoslovakia's Independence Day rejoicings went with a swing on October 28, 1945. The British Army was represented at the parade of Allied troops, held in the capital's Stadium to mark the notable occasion, by men of the 78th Division led by the pipe band of the Royal Irish Fusiliers. This Czech girl, resplendent in richly-embroidered peasant costume, tried out her few words of English on a Fusilier sergeant as they waited for the display. The Republic was founded in 1918. *Photo, British Official*

Printed in England and published every alternate Friday by the Proprietors, THE AMALGAMATED PRESS, LTD., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.: and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—December 7, 1945. S.S.

Editorial Address: JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.4.